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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS	818
JUSTICE IN KENYA. By Barbara Castle, M.P.	821
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	822
YONDER CHEESECAKE. By Reginald Reynolds	823
THIS ENGLAND	823
LORD SALISBURY'S LITTLE PLOT. By Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P.	823
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams	825
ENCOUNTERS WITH WYNDHAM LEWIS. By Michael Ayrton	826
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Alas, Poor Hamlet. By T. C. Worsley	828
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* Local or Universal? By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	828
Olivier's Richard. By William Whitebait	830
Cutting the Corn. By Tom Driberg	831
CORRESPONDENCE	832
From Rev. T. J. Foinette; John Brophy; Giles Playfair; Professor Richard C. Oldfield; Dr. S. J. Folley; Hugh Jenkins; Marghanita Laski; Jocelyn Brooke.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL: Roman Paroxysm. By Lawrence Gowing	835
WALKING DOWN THE STREET. By David Paul	836
REVIEWS: The Scholar-Critic. By Noel Annan	836
The Making of a President. By R. H. S. Crossman	836
Novels in Translation. By Richard Mayne	838
The Backroom View of History. By Jacquetta Hawkes	838
Flies in Amber. By Maurice Richardson	839
Avast, Belay! By J. O. Prestwich	840
Strawberry Fair. By Eileen Fraser	840
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus	841
WEEK-END COMPETITION	841
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac	842
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	842

The Cane for Sir David Eccles

WHETHER or not the National Union of Teachers proceeds with its "savings strike," the gesture has already served its main purpose. The merits and effectiveness of such a strike are open to question, but the mere decision to call it—coupled with "unofficial" outbreaks this week—has attracted popular attention to the teachers' quarrel with Sir David Eccles.

The immediate cause of the dispute is the new superannuation bill. Before the general election, the teachers defeated Dame Florence Horsbrugh's proposal to increase their pension contributions by one per cent. —and forced the minister herself to resign. Dame Florence was unable to stand up to her colleagues; Sir David has not even condescended to try, and if the teachers could now secure his expulsion too, they would further not merely their professional and personal interests, but the cause of British education.

The teachers' superannuation scheme has had an unhappy history of bungling and betrayal, and it has made a number of new starts: even the new scheme contains many anomalies and does nothing to meet the teachers' demand for adequate security for widows and orphans. But the main objection to it is that teachers are being asked to pay more—in fact, to accept a salary cut—to meet an actuarial deficiency. The scheme at present more than pays its way, and it will be a good many years before pension payments exceed income.

The teachers argue forcefully that they should not have to meet this deficiency. It should, they say, fall either on the Treasury or on the local education authorities. In other pension schemes, the employers accept responsibility for deficiencies due to salary changes, earlier retirement habits, and longer life. Why, teachers ask, should they be treated differently? If the structure and finance of local government is out of date, why penalise teachers because their employers cannot undertake new burdens?

The pension dispute, however, is simply the spark on dry tinder. The teachers are in revolt against the relative but steady decline in their salaries and their status. In the 1944 Act they saw the promise of a new deal, not merely in educational standards and objectives, but also in their own conditions. And they have been bitterly disappointed. For this, none of the post-war governments can escape responsibility. It is true that actual salary negotiations are not the direct concern of the government, and that the Burnham system provides for agreement between the teachers and the local authorities, who have to keep a careful eye on their education rate. But whatever statutory machinery is used to set salary scales, in the long run it is the government's duty to see that pay and conditions of employment are such that the teaching profession attracts and retains men and women of high quality. Otherwise we shall soon face a crisis in our schools.

Salaries are the real cause of the teachers' grievance. They have kept pace neither with prices nor with wages—an unskilled worker may earn more than a teacher—and the long intervals between the revisions of the Burnham scales have meant, in a period of inflation, years of chronic underpayment. To bring salaries into line, the minimum should be raised from £450 to at least £500, and the maximum basic income should go up from £890 to something over one thousand pounds. (These rates, pending equal pay, are for men.) It is no answer to point to the special allowances; for these allowances—which can run as high as 40 per cent. of total salary—distort the salary structure. What is needed is a higher basic salary, which narrows the gap between average earnings and the income of those with special subjects or responsibilities.

That is what the teachers will demand in the new Burnham negotiations now about to begin, and the government must find some way of helping local authorities to meet that demand. The present quarrel will have been worth while if it teaches the government—and the public—that those who buy education on the cheap will, in the long run, get cheap and inferior education.

Comments on the Week's News

Mr. Gaitskell's Leadership

Hugh Gaitskell's election to the leadership of the Labour Party is a challenge to the good sense and tolerance of both himself and his critics. It is idle to pretend that he has not made many political enemies in the past five years: these now have to recognise that this week's vote settles the personal struggle which has latterly superimposed itself upon the political divisions of 1951. Henceforth, Mr. Gaitskell is the duly elected leader of the party. He must expect, like any other party leader, to meet legitimate and salutary criticism of his policies or of the direction in which he leads his party; but any campaign to oust or discredit him, merely because his opponents would have preferred to cheer home one or other of their own favourites, would be gravely damaging to the whole Labour Party. Mr. Gaitskell for his part must consider the new situation which his leadership creates. The rank-and-file of the Labour movement feels, not without reason, that for the first time in 20 years the leader of the party is firmly committed to a single faction. This judgment, which springs from the past, may well be wrong; but it is for Mr. Gaitskell to prove it so. At the moment he is undoubtedly under pressure from some of his intimate advisers to celebrate his victory with a ruthless purge of all who can be remotely suspected of leftism or Bevanism. Nothing could do him more harm than to heed this advice. Unless Mr. Gaitskell is to destroy both himself and the Labour Party, he must set out to win the confidence of those who have mistrusted him. Nor is this an impossible task. His office automatically attracts to itself a great tide of loyalty; and Mr. Gaitskell, having won the fight to occupy it, may feel free of some of the extremist alliances which seemed tactically desirable while the struggle was on. It is in this context that the deputy leadership is so important. So is the distribution of "portfolios" in the shadow cabinet. But more significant than any of these particular touchstones will be the atmosphere which Mr. Gaitskell's influence generates inside the parliamentary party. If he makes it clear, as he can, that he conceives his leadership as the balancing factor in a working coalition between left and right, there is no reason why he should not command the success which the whole Labour movement has the right to expect of him.

Re-thinking in the West

The reassessment of U.S. foreign policy after the failure of the Geneva Conference is now almost complete. Last week, following a meeting of the National Defence Council, Mr. Dulles was able to lay down the main outlines. The principle of "massive retaliation" has been resurrected—although it is now described as "selective and adapted to the occasion"—and there is an echo of the old "roll-back" policy in the reference to "mobilisation of world opinion for the correction of injustices." The substance of the new policy is based on two policy analyses recently completed by the State Department. The first, on Europe, argues that the West's principal objective is to enable West Germany to rearm rapidly without disrupting the economy, which is now entering a crucial phase. It is believed that, if Germany can rearm whilst maintaining its present standard of living, the difficulties of the Pankow regime will be intensified and the drift towards neutralism within the Federal Republic will be stopped. American aid in Europe will therefore be increasingly concentrated on Germany; and it is highly probable that Dr. Adenauer will visit Washington early next year. Secondly, in Asia and the Middle East, the State Department is convinced that America has nothing to gain by competing for the favours of neutralist countries by increasing "non-political" economic aid. The level of aid in this area—now in the region of 1,500m. dollars a year—will remain roughly the same, but a larger share will go to members of Meto and Seato. In some areas the proportion of non-military aid will be increased, but it will (as in Turkey, for example) be made conditional on acceptance of American economic advice. The British government, while in general agreement with the first thesis, differs strongly from the second, and favours a substantial and rapid expansion of Colombo-type aid. This will clearly be the main point of contention when Sir Anthony Eden visits Washington in January. A more immediate problem, which will be discussed by the Nato council of ministers this week, is the financing of the new "post H-bomb" defence plans—including a joint "early warning" system for western Europe—which have been drawn up by Nato study groups in recent months. In their present form the plans call for a 50-75 per cent. increase in defence spending over the next two years. There is general agreement that such an increase is out of the question; but both military and financial advisers are divided on the extent to which the system can be created within present budgetary limits. Not all the different viewpoints can be reconciled at the meeting, and many problems may have to be carried over to Washington. But it is already clear that an effective nuclear defence system—the logical corollary to the principle of "massive retaliation"—is beyond the means of Nato in the foreseeable future.

Mr. Macmillan's Council of Despair

In last week's Middle East debate neither Mr. Macmillan nor Sir Anthony Eden gave a clear indication of government policy, but they did at least rule out a number of alternatives. Britain, it appears, is not prepared to raise the Arab-Israeli dispute in the U.N.—except in the event of war—or to hold four-power talks with Russia. Sir Anthony revealed that the private negotiations with Mr. Molotov in Geneva had proved unsatisfactory—though he did not divulge their content or even their terms of reference—and Mr. Macmillan claimed that a call for a general arms embargo would not prove effective. At the same time, the government flatly refused to supply arms to Israel to redress the growing unbalance of forces. Mr. Macmillan's speech, in fact, was negative, pessimistic and unenterprising, and his principal concern seemed to be to give no offence to the Egyptians and no encouragement to the Israelis. From it, however, we may deduce that the government's position is (a) to stand by the tripartite declaration, (b) to call for direct negotiations on a basis of mutual concessions (diplomatic in the case of the Arab states, territorial in the case of Israel!), and (c) to hope for a spontaneous movement towards *de facto* recognition of Israel by at least some of the Arab states. He did not seem to realise that the second objective—when expressed in the terms of Sir Anthony's Guildhall speech—automatically ruled out the chance of attaining the third, since it implied that Britain was prepared, in advance of negotiations, to encourage territorial revisions in favour of the Arabs. Nor, apparently, has he grasped the fact that the Baghdad Pact, by aggravating the Hashemite-Saudi feud on which British influence has been based since 1918, makes Soviet penetration of the "southern tier" possible—indeed, Jordan's adhesion, which has aggravated her internal tensions, will present Russia with allies even in this stronghold of British imperialism. Mr. Macmillan's justification of the pact ("It is not intended to divide the Arab world. I believe in the long run it will unite it.") seems nonsensical and was expressly contradicted by a statement made by King Saud in Bombay the same day.

The Formosan Veto

The plan to admit 18 new members to the U.N., which was accepted by an overwhelming majority in the General Assembly, has now broken down in the Security Council. Though the proceedings were complex and confused, it is not difficult to apportion the blame for this deliberate flouting of the Assembly's wishes. Formosa, by proposing the additional admissions of S. Korea and Viet-Nam, ignored the generally accepted embargo on the admission of divided countries; Russia's use of the veto in reply was therefore perfectly natural. Formosa then took the decisive step of vetoing Outer Mongolia—whose candidacy she supported in 1946—and destroyed the basis of the "package deal." The conduct of Russia and the United States is also open to criticism. Russia's insistence on the complex "shuttle" procedure adopted on Tuesday generated an atmosphere of intense suspicion which may well have influenced the outcome; and the U.S., by abstaining on all five Communist countries, encouraged Formosa in its obduracy. Nevertheless, the principal responsibility for the failure of three month's patient work by Canada and Great Britain rests squarely on the shoulders of Formosa. Her membership is now not only an academic and ideological issue, but an intolerable obstacle to the functioning and development of the U.N. Wednesday's unexpected Soviet proposal of a new package deal, which would exclude Japan and Outer Mongolia from the original 18 nations proposed for membership, may offer a way out of total *impasse*. But whatever the final outcome, the Formosan use of the veto on such an issue may well lead to an attempt to re-examine Formosa's credentials before the end of the present session. This will place both Britain and America in an acutely embarrassing position.

The Motor Tyre Monopoly

The report of the Monopolies Commission on the motor tyre industry breaks new ground in recommending (by a majority) that all resale price maintenance in the industry is contrary to the public interest and should be abolished. Naturally this has caused a sharp reaction from the Tyre Manufacturers Conference, which immediately announced that it would not accept the Commission's findings on this point—characterising them as "unjustified, drastic and unprecedented." With this view the government may well find it politically expedient to agree—the condemnation of *individual* resale price maintenance goes beyond the recommendations of the Lloyd Jacob Committee and was carried on this occasion by a majority of only one. Nevertheless it is to be

hoped that the opposition will press hard on this point. Resale price maintenance is undesirable as such, not only because of its offensive apparatus of enforcement, but because it is economically damaging. There is no likelihood in present conditions of any widespread resurgence of "loss-leader" trading; while the need for increased efficiency and economy in the distributive trades is urgent. Resale price maintenance—whether collective or individual—is one of the biggest obstacles to enterprise in this direction. For the rest, the report is chiefly noteworthy for its admirable exposition of the organisation and ramifications—some hitherto secret—of a great and essential industry. Socialists who study all this and reflect on the scope of modern industrial organisation may wonder whether this form of development is as harmful as the liberal economists would have one believe. That large-scale monopolistic industrial organisation must be susceptible to public control is beyond argument; but there is little evidence that, by virtue of its size or integration, it is necessarily either inefficient or unenterprising.

Helping Mr. Marshall?

The talks between Mr. David Marshall and the Colonial Secretary have been "preparatory" to the formal talks, due next spring, on Singapore's constitutional future. But the discussions this week have revealed the strategy that the Colonial Office is following. Mr. Marshall and the Chief Minister of the Federation, Tengku Abdul Rahman, are seen as the best barriers against Communism in Malaya. The present talks with Mr. Marshall, and those that will soon take place with the Tengku, are designed to stiffen the visitors by a combination of flattery and concessions before they begin negotiations with Chin Peng, the leader of the Malayan Communists. Mr. Lennox-Boyd has clearly decided that the Labour Front is the only possible alternative to a more extreme movement in Singapore. So have the Labour Party and the T.U.C., which have apparently made up their minds to give financial and perhaps organisational support to the Labour Front. (The lesson of British Guiana is still fresh.) The problem, however, is how to help Mr. Marshall without either giving away too much or embracing him so warmly that he loses popular support. Mr. Marshall, for his part, has come with a series of private demands, of which easily the most important is a definite date—April, 1957—for self-government. The second is the creation of Singapore citizenship for nearly a quarter of a million foreign-born residents—mostly Chinese. But the delegation is divided on this; and the Colonial Office has countered with a very much less attractive offer to speed up the cumbersome process of naturalisation. Among the less controversial of Mr. Marshall's demands are the right to use Chinese, Tamil and Malay, as well as English, in the Assembly, and some degree of control over Singapore's national servicemen. Both these have been received sympathetically in the Colonial Office.

A New Republican Scare

It was inevitable that some Republicans should seize the chance offered by the AFL-CIO merger to work up a scare about labour's "dictatorship" over the Democratic Party. They know, of course, that the union leaders cannot deliver the votes of their members and their families: the majority are Democrats, anyway, and the money and time that the unions spend on elections is really devoted to getting out the marginal voters among their members. Even in this, the effectiveness of the unions varies with local leadership and conditions. They have done well in Michigan, where the Auto Workers provide much of the organised backing for the Democratic machine, but in other industrial areas political action has been more spasmodic and ineffectual. The point of the new Republican campaign is to try to scare some of the small business vote, and especially to offset the steady loss of support among the farmers, whose anger at Secretary of Agriculture Benson's policy has been intensified by the relative decline of farm income. It would suit the Republicans well to divert some of this anger to the unions, on the grounds that their wage policies have raised the cost of farm and consumer goods. The campaign may achieve something, but if it becomes a mere tirade against "Marxist-Communists," the "goons" who run the unions and "conspirators" who want to take over Washington, it is not likely to get very far. In fact, such stupidity would make it far more difficult for the more moderate Republicans to woo the union and liberal vote.

Italy's New Radical Party

The split in the Italian Liberals, which was completed last week at the party congress in Rome, may have profound effects on Italian politics. In some ways it represents a parallel movement to the activities of M. Mendès France within the French Radical-Socialists. In recent years, Sr. Villabruna and a group of left-wing Liberals in the Chamber have become increasingly dissatisfied with the drift to the right in the Liberal leadership. They have now resigned and formed a new party, the Radicals, which has been joined by 31 out of the 125 members of the Liberal executive. Its strength in the Chamber cannot yet be estimated—though the three Liberal ministers remain members of the orthodox wing—but Sr. Villabruna hopes to form a left-wing, anti-Marxist coalition, which would include the Saragat Socialists and Republicans, and present joint candidates at next year's local elections. Sr. Malagodi, the ultra-conservative Liberal general secretary, is believed to welcome the new development, since he hopes it will further his own schemes for an electoral coalition with the Monarchists (most of the Liberals are, in fact, royalists); this would force the Demochristians—even though they retained a majority of seats in the cabinet—to lean further to the right. These new alignments, whatever their other results, will certainly increase the strains within the Demochristians—which the election of President Gronchi has already made severe—by providing rival poles of attraction.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

The Lost Leaders

The Gaitskell bandwagon is now as overloaded as a Cairo tram, and in the din of the drummers and the oaths of changing allegiance, it is hard to hear the still small voice of the party which is always there despite the tumult. Today is the season of personalities. And in Westminster, from friends and opponents alike, there has been sympathy with Bevan who, watching the procession, might well have hummed to himself,

> Ich hatt' einen Kameraden.
> Einen besseren find'st du nit. . . .

Not since El Glaoui flung himself grovelling at the Sultan's feet—and couldn't get up—have there been such acts of political homage as the Parliamentary Labour Party has seen in recent days. For precedents of the latest defections, you would have to go back a long way in history. Yet, strangely enough—or perhaps naturally enough—although the ideologists of the neo-left have taken panic flight, the genuine radical left, which is inherent in the party and has always refused to be identified with the factions, remains staunch, watchfully assessing the new leadership and anxious to give it a fair trial.

Is it to be the Night of the Long Knives? If some of the henchmen had their wishes, that is what it would be. But how? The Attlee distribution of portfolios in the shadow cabinet before his departure was arbitrary and inept. These appointments will certainly be withdrawn, and made again with greater care. Beyond that, in his bestowal of patronage—unless it be in the promotion of front-bench speakers—the leader can't go. Indeed, he will have to bear in mind constantly that his is an elective office, that its formal tenure is a single session, and that it took a war and a landslide for his predecessor to consolidate his hold on the frisky party.

It would be dangerous to make prophecies about the length of the new leader's office on the basis of Attlee's. Political obituaries, like any other, tend to be one-sided, very properly preferring praise to analysis; and in the bleakness of the upper House, Attlee will no doubt warm himself with the eulogies of the *Sunday Times*. But he would be the last to deny that for nearly fifteen years of his leadership, after his somewhat fortuitous arrival in power, he directed the affairs of the party on a rising political market which included several years of electoral truce, a coalition which he was reluctant to abandon, and the tremendous victory of 1945, the pent-up outburst of the movement as a whole.

Nowadays, the market isn't quite so favourable. And although Gaitskell may not lack good advice, its future course isn't easily predictable. Perhaps at some stage, he may have to import a Bevin from the trade union world into the House of Commons. Would that be popular with the two or three trade unionists, like George Brown, who seem to have claimed a prescriptive, though as yet unacknowledged, right to leadership of the parliamentary trade unionists? What is certain, despite the shortage of Bevins, is that there is no shortage—as there was in Attlee's early days—of academicians. They know their place. With eyes modestly lowered, they advance, swinging their censers and chanting Hosannas.

At elections, many are called; but afterwards not all can be—what's the word?—accommodated. No one knew this better than Attlee. He excelled in silence. But the silence that he most excelled in was the one that created expectancy. Others might talk to the press, and fall into the traps of publicity. Attlee knew that hope made men polite. Thus it was that Morrison waited ten long years. Thus it was that left and right both waited with intermittent animation to see which way the cat would jump. (Who would have dreamt it would jump straight on to the plush of the Lords?)

Let it not be said though that Attlee was hesitant or faint-hearted when action was required. His carpet was thick with the heads of the weak and uninfluential members of the party. He reserved his sentiment for the powerful.

Gaitskell will need some of Attlee's ruthlessness if he is to lead the party successfully. But above all—in his own interest as well as the party's—he

might remember that the Labour movement is a great and democratic coalition. What it now needs is a genuine reconciliation, an end to the vendetta.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Berlin

The Oddness of Otto John

Our Bonn Correspondent writes from Berlin: There are two theories about Dr. Otto John. One is that he is a genuine wanderer between two worlds; the other that his gyrations are all an elaborate secret service hoax. The first would make him the more interesting figure—perhaps the almost perfect symbol of the politically homeless "good German." Everything falls nicely into place; a patriotic liberal German of the Nazi generation would naturally get involved in the July 20 conspiracy against Hitler; after his lucky escape to Britain he would naturally return to Germany—equally naturally to West Germany—as soon as there was some German political life again. He would, in all likelihood, get disillusioned with the "restoration" climate of Bonn, with the penetration of West German politics and bureaucracy by so many old Nazis, and with the trend towards permanent German division. He might well place a despairing hope on East Germany; and he would, of course, end up by being disillusioned with East Germany too. Dr. John's more recent to-ing and fro-ing would become even more plausible if one assumed that he passionately cared—as after all he might—about German unity. In July 1954, when he went east, East German propaganda was all agog about the need for German unity and the East German state seemed quite prepared to sacrifice itself on the altar of reunification. By now, this is all past and done with, and East Germany is loudly and proudly insisting on its own status. In a sense, it would be quite consistent for a man whose motto was "I Choose Germany"—the title of the pamphlet Dr. John published last autumn—to place hopes on East Berlin in 1954, and to turn his back on it in 1955.

But Dr. John is now himself rather destroying this plausible, pathetic, moving story, by his insistence that he was never a free agent during his East German period. And there are those who all the time found the story a little too plausible to be true—too much like a cover story in fact. They ask questions like this: How was it that Dr. John, alone of all the July 20 conspirators, could make his escape from Germany? Was he not at one time, in mid-war, flown to London and well received there? Why did the British recommend him to Dr. Adenauer as chief of the new West German political police? Even his recent escape from East Berlin was made, it is alleged, in a car with a British number plate. . . . There is the whispered theory, unprovable, of course, but also difficult to disprove, that Dr. John is simply a British master spy, who has always had all Germany—in present times, both Germanys—for his province.

However that may be, Dr. John's active political career is probably ended. One can change allegiances once too often and the return flight to the West is something like the thirteenth stroke of a clock. What we shall hear most about in connection with the latest chapter of the John story may well be the British number plate of that car in which he allegedly passed the Brandenberg Gate in Berlin, from east to west. This comes very handy to the Soviets at a moment when they are sniping at the four-power status of Berlin. Of course, as long as Berlin remains a point of free contact between East and West, it also remains a happy tom-tiddlers' ground for spies, kidnappers, and political black marketers of all sorts. The advantages of this state of affairs are not all on one side; but the Soviets will have a talking point when they bring up the John escape and say that this kind of thing was not intended when Berlin was placed under joint four-power rule in 1945.

Moscow

Home Thoughts on Leaders Abroad

A Student of the Soviet Press writes: The Asian mission of Bulganin and Krushchev seemed strange and exciting to the Soviet public, not least in its contrast to the secluded mystery in which Stalin wrapped himself. The Marshal was seldom seen in public, and when he spoke—once or twice a year—his carefully weighed words were the utterance of a Marxist oracle. But Krushchev and (to a lesser extent) Bulganin pushed on as if they were in a desperate election contest, saying whatever came into their heads, and quarrelling with the perfidious journalists who "misreported" them.

Pravda did its best to minimise the mistakes that Krushchev has made. The classic example—Krushchev's remark about the uncivilised condition of Britain before the Conquest—was simply attributed to an unnamed "Burmese diplomat," and Krushchev was reported as saying "quite true, you are absolutely right." Western "perversions" of this story were condemned by *Pravda* in an article headed "The Morals of the Bourgeois Press"; and Krushchev's attack on the West for "unleashing" Hitler against the U.S.S.R. appeared, in the official text, as merely a strongly worded denunciation of the Munich policy of "a free hand in the East," coupled with the comment that if the four great powers could co-operate against Nazi Germany, they could equally well combine together in a joint effort to preserve peace today.

The Russian reader, in any case, would not be worried by harsh turns of phrase. He would sympathise with Krushchev's remark that "sometimes, when beginning a speech, one cannot help feeling agitated while getting on to the necessary track to develop one's speech fluently." And the full texts of these speeches are both fluent and forceful, making a kind of rambling statement of Krushchev's *weltanschaung*.

While the western press was attacked by *Pravda* for "competing in the invention of every kind of fabrication and fable," its readers were told that the majority of Indian papers were "objective." The welcome given to the Soviet leaders was *likuyushchie*, a Russian word which the dictionary renders as "jubilant," though a closer translation might be "ecstatic." In reporting this mass jubilation, the Soviet correspondents have been helped by Indian writers who contributed special articles to the special Indo-Burmese numbers of the Soviet newspapers, which gave half their space to India and Burma for nearly a month. One typical report, by Hikhil Chakravarti, appeared in the *Literary Gazette* for November 29:

> Along the road between Palam airfield and New Delhi, in the shade of a tall tree, there stood a blind old man of eighty, who was leaning on the shoulder of his grandson. One after another, people went up to him and asked him why he had walked 30 miles from his native village, since he was blind and could not see the Soviet leaders anyway. "Never mind," said the old man, "this is a pilgrimage. Thirty-eight years ago, when I was working in a textile mill, we learned that a revolution had taken place in Russia, and that the workers had formed their own government. So now I want to pay a tribute of my esteem to the leaders of that country. I am blind and shall not see them, but my grandson will tell me what they are like."

The Russian reports show a slight but interesting difference of emphasis between India and Burma. They do not disguise the fact that Nehru was rather reserved, stressing India's desire to be "friends with everybody," without any alliance to any bloc, and they report the Soviet leaders as saying that they agreed with his views and accepted them. In the Soviet papers, Nehru was referred to as a "very great statesman," and Soviet commentators published admiring biographies of him—though the warm tributes to "years of struggle against the imperialists" were tempered slightly by references to his wealthy family background and suggestions that he might be a slightly old-fashioned bourgeois nationalist. To the Russians he was a "dear friend" or "His Excellency." In Burma, however, Krushchev and U Nu called each other "comrade."

Paris

The End of Apathy?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Throughout last week, while the party managers assembled the lists of candidates, queues waited in the rain outside the town halls of France. Most of them had to wait at least three hours to make sure their names were on the electoral lists. The silent, patient queues provided evidence of something without precedent in the history of the Fourth Republic: popular interest in politics. The *Mendèsistes*, of course, claim that this sudden desire to vote is a public protest against the government's decision to hold snap elections under an electoral law held in universal contempt. Others maintain that it is due to a persistent rumour that the authorities are now empowered to levy a fine of £10 on absentee electors. But whatever the explanation, one fact is certain: the number of French voters has increased from 24 million in 1951 to 27 million today.

This alone is enough to upset the calculations made by M. Faure's electoral experts before he decided on dissolution. And some of their other assumptions have also been proved optimistic in the last week. On the basis of the 1951 electoral figures, they calculated that the majority parties—which now include most of the Gaullists—could, by forming *apparentements*, secure over 50 per cent of the votes in most departments and thus take all the seats. This would have given them a solid bloc of 400 deputies, ranging from the Faure "Radicals" and MRP to the Independents. At the last moment, however, they realised that they had underestimated the importance of the Poujardist groups, which are not allied with any of the majority parties, but which now threaten to split the Right vote and, in particular, to attract the "anti-republican" vote of the old Gaullist electorate. They have candidates in nearly all the departments, and it is now too late for the Right to conclude *apparentements* with them. Worse still, despite the efforts of the party managers, the Right groups have not been able to form *apparentements* even among themselves in a number of departments. It now seems likely that the grouped lists have a chance of securing a majority in only about 30 departments, and that in at least two-thirds of France seats will be allocated on a strict PR basis, as in 1946. This means that, whatever else happens, the C.P. will win from 20 to 30 seats, and possibly more. The *Mendèsiste* Republican Front, by concluding Radical and Socialist alliance in 47 departments and even alliances with the Gaullists in nine, now has a real chance of fighting the Right bloc on equal terms. With the two major blocs drawing level, local conditions and personalities may prove the decisive factors on January 2.

Justice in Kenya

I WENT to Kenya because Kamau Kachina died. He was not, unfortunately, the first prisoner to die in the hands of the forces of law and order in this unhappy colony during the emergency. Why, then, my special interest in this case? It was, of course, a particularly revolting one. But there had been a number of similar cases before. Why was this one so important? The reason was that it had features which seemed to summarise all the uneasiness which had been felt and expressed in many quarters about the situation in Kenya over the past few years. It came after the government had repeatedly promised that abuses of this kind would be stopped, and it called aloud for an official inquiry. When the Colonial Secretary refused to make one, I decided to go and make some independent researches for myself.

This seemed all the more necessary because, for months past, legal and political opinion in Britain had been alarmed at the apparent breakdown of the "rule of law" in Kenya during the emergency. This alarm reached its climax at the beginning of the year when judges and missionaries alike protested at the way in which the security forces were taking the law into their own hands. Case after case had come to light in which the police forces, swollen by thousands of African recruits into the Home Guard on the one hand and by hundreds of European and African recruits into the Kenya Police Reserve on the other, had not been particularly scrupulous in the methods they used for rounding up suspects or establishing their guilt. In January, the Church Missionary Society frightened the Colonial Office by calling on its supporters to lobby M.P.s for action to be taken to stop atrocities by the forces of law and order—which, it said, were being described by the African as "the government's Mau Mau." In the most outspoken leaflet which church leaders have probably ever produced, it accused the administration in Kenya of reluctance to proceed against "loyalist" offenders as rigorously as it did against Mau Mau terrorists. Leaders of the C.M.S. even took the unusual step of writing to *The Times* to express their concern at the failure to "maintain strictly the rule of law" which, they said, "may well have already prejudiced the future of a multi-racial community in Kenya."

One of the most significant parts of the society's case was the importance it attached to the resignation of Colonel Young. This distinguished Commissioner of the City of London Police had been sent out to Kenya nine months earlier to reorganise the police force (as he had done so successfully in Malaya) and to make it an impartial instrument of the law. Before his term of office was completed he had resigned because of disagreements with the Kenya government. On his resignation the Christian Council of Kenya in Nairobi wrote to the press declaring that Colonel Young had the confidence of the churches, expressing profound regret that "he has found it necessary to resign" and hoping that an "explanation will be forthcoming at an early date." In its leaflet the C.M.S. suggested that, under Colonel Young's direction, an increasingly vigilant police had uncovered "an alarming number of contraventions of the law . . . by some whose duty it was to be upholders of civilised standards against barbarism." The C.M.S. argued that he had resigned because "some official quarters" would not support him in dealing ruthlessly with the offenders. It pointed out that the number of Africans and Europeans implicated in these malpractices would never be known because the new surrender offer made to Mau Mau terrorists on January 18 had been coupled with an amnesty which wiped all the pending prosecutions off the slate.

These serious allegations were naturally taken up in parliament. In the Lords, on February 18, Lord Jowitt described Colonel Young's resignation as disquieting. He was particularly disturbed that it should come a few weeks after Acting-Judge Cram had expressed the gravest anxieties about the way in which the Home Guard was doing its job. Condemning an African headman, Muriu, to death for the murder of two prisoners detained at his post at Ruthagathi, Judge Cram denounced the system of Home Guard posts, manned by headmen and chiefs, which, he said, "are interrogation centres and prisons to which the Queen's subjects, whether innocent or guilty, are led by armed men without warrant and detained and, as it seems, tortured until they confess to alleged crimes, and are then led forth to trial on the sole evidence of these confessions." It was this and other judgments from which he quoted which led Lord Jowitt to affirm "there must be some reorganisation of the police."

Does that need still exist? What were Colonel Young's proposals and how far are they now relevant to the situation in Kenya today? These were some of the things I went to find out. When Colonel Young resigned he sent his reasons in writing to the Governor, but the Colonial Secretary has refused to publish this report. All parliament has been allowed to see is its emasculated version in a public statement to which Colonel Young was induced to agree. This narrowed down his disagreement with the Kenya government to the belief that the police should be given "a greater measure of independence in the performance of their functions than they at present possessed in the emergency areas," and that the activities of the Home Guard should be curbed. This hardly explained so dramatic a resignation, particularly as the government claimed it had already taken steps to check the abuses by the Home Guard. In fact, as I discovered in Kenya, the statement glossed over much deeper anxieties about the attitude of the administration to the police. Colonel Young, his friends told me, resigned to challenge "the rule of fear" which he believed would never be ended without a complete change in the status of the Kenya police.

In this he was not breaking new ground, but taking up the recommendations of the Kenya Police Commission appointed in 1953 to advise on the future organisation of the force. One of the main points raised in its report was whether the police should be given the independence they enjoy in Britain or remain as agents of the government. "We found," the Commission wrote of the situation in Kenya, "that, in fact, there is little practical difference between the police and various departments of government . . . and that police officers are considered civil servants to whom special duties and functions are assigned. This situation is completely at variance with the conception of a police officer under the common law of England." It therefore recommended that the Kenya Police Ordinance should be amended to give the force the same constitutional status as in Britain. This was one of the reforms for which Colonel Young pressed in vain.

In parliament the Colonial Secretary supported the official attitude. "The provincial commissioner," Mr. Lennox Boyd told the Commons, "is responsible for the peace and good order of the province, and any organisation not subject to him as the principal executive officer of the government would lead to confusion, endanger the structure of African administration and be absolutely disastrous at the height of the emergency." In other words, he insisted that in order to maintain their authority in the eyes of the African, the provincial commissioners and their subordinates must have all-embracing powers; they must not only be administrators, but control the police and hold their own courts. With this point of view Colonel Young profoundly disagreed. Sent to check abuses which had occurred "at the height of the emergency," he found that the Kenya police had so long regarded themselves as under the control of the administration, particularly in the tribal areas, that he could not get them to regard what happened in Home Guard posts as something in which they were entitled to interfere. This violated his whole idea of what the functions of the police should be.

Yet I found that the system which Colonel Young denounced is now being perpetuated in a new police ordinance, which is to embody some of the lesser recommendations of the Kenya Police Commission. The Kenya government has rejected the Commission's proposal that every constable should be given the powers of a constable at common law; it is not even prepared as a start to give "constable status" to officers of the rank of inspector and above. While recognising the special position of the Criminal Investigation Department, which, in the detection of crime, is answerable only to the Attorney General, it insists that the preservation of law and order must remain the job of the provincial and district commissioners and that "in all such matters the police force is responsible to the government."

The effect of this is to give the regular police no greater independence and authority than the tribal police, which acts as the private bodyguard of the district officers. Up to 1943, this tribal force had sole charge of law and order in the reserves, but before the emergency the intention was that the regular police should increasingly take over these responsibilities. Unfortunately, this tendency was reversed, as the fight against Mau Mau drew thousands of African recruits into the Home Guard under chiefs and headmen appointed by the administration. It is these raw recruits who have been guilty of some of the worst atrocities and, as a result of the outcry against their activities, the Home Guard has now been reorganised. But all the government has done is to enrol 880 men from its ranks into the tribal police and some 7,000 into the tribal police reserve, where they are led by specially recruited district officers, many of whom are the sons of settlers and are allowed by law to do their national service in this way. Operating from fortified posts in the reserves and in Nairobi,

NEXT WEEK

Owing to Christmas arrangements, next week's issue will be on sale on Thursday, one day earlier than usual.

Malcolm Muggeridge
writes on
BEAVERBROOK
also
France's Secret War
K. S. KAROL
and
Christmas Diversions
devised by T. C. WORSLEY and VICKY

these tribal police dominate the life of the African under the orders of the administration. The regular force has its stations in many of these areas, but has no power to interfere. The Commissioner of Police explained to me that, if his policemen wish to take any action which would disturb the local pattern of government (for example, to arrest a chief), they must first consult the provincial or district commissioner, whose word prevails.

The government has, in effect, therefore, provided no new safeguard against the abuses which so alarmed British opinion at the height of the emergency, apart from ensuring closer control by European officers. But in the past it has not been unknown for these young officers, without any police training, to be themselves involved in the brutalities. If these abuses have decreased (as I am satisfied they have), it is for three reasons. The first is that, with the dwindling of Mau Mau strength, there are fewer suspects passing through the hands of the security forces. There has undoubtedly also been a big improvement in the mood of the Europeans as the strain under which they have been living has relaxed. But perhaps the biggest factor of all has been the increasing effectiveness of the C.I.D. Before he resigned Colonel Young placed one of his ablest officers in charge of this department with instructions to build it up to Scotland Yard standards of efficiency. I saw for myself the modern apparatus with which it is now equipped and learned how it has spread its outposts through the troubled areas. But, most important of all, Colonel Young has imparted to it his own spirit of ruthless impartiality—a spirit which, I found, is increasingly winning the confidence of the African. Indeed, as my study of the court record of recent cases showed, time and again the C.I.D. has been put on the track of abuses solely by "information received" from Africans who have trusted it to pursue justice without respect of persons.

During the past 18 months the C.I.D. has been fighting against the attitude of mind which resented any prosecution of "loyalists" as a stupid interference with the war against Mau Mau. There are signs that the administration has had a sneaking sympathy with this point of view. More than once the Kenya government has declared that abuses by the security forces would be punished "with the full strength of the law." But have they been? Although Judge Cram sentenced Muriu to death for the murder of two prisoners, I found when I arrived in Kenya that his death sentence had been commuted by the governor to one of life imprisonment. I found, too, that Derek Searle, an officer in the Kenya Police Reserve, who was sentenced to 18 months in January of this year for perjury involving the life of an African, is a free man again, half his sentence having been remitted by the governor. While I was in Nairobi, he wrote to the press thanking the people of Kenya for "the moral and financial support" they had given him. It is this attitude of mind, spreading down through the whole administrative machine, which creates the atmosphere in which abuses are still possible. It was as a corrective to this attitude that Colonel Young wished to establish the independence of the police in the enforcement of law and order, as well as in the detection of crime. His arguments have been strengthened by the case of Kamau Kachina, where the police officers involved were abetted and later shielded by a temporary district officer. More serious still, another man involved to a lesser degree was, as the Colonial Secretary has admitted, a regular member of the administration. As a senior district officer and a magistrate, he held a position of great responsibility in the area. Yet this did not save Kamau Kachina from being tortured—to say nothing of being held for five days without warrant, without trial, without even being officially charged.

Indeed, the most serious aspect of the Kamau Kachina case is the degree to which administrative officers were involved. It is unlikely that cases of such obvious brutality now happen frequently. None the less, the resident magistrate, Mr. Harrison, who tried this case, thought it was sufficiently serious to indicate the need for far-reaching reforms. Pointing out that the administrative officers concerned were *ex officio* magistrates, he added "there is evidence that they, or some of them, attempted to mislead, tried to hinder police investigation and generally disregard their responsibilities." And he added: "One reason for this is the combination of executive and judicial powers in the same officer. . . . Such incidents are apt to recur in the absence of complete severance of executive and judicial functions in accordance with British tradition." The government's answer has been to deprive all temporary district officers of *ex officio* magisterial powers and to review the magisterial appointments of permanent officers. But, welcome as this step may be, it does not meet Mr. Harrison's main point. The two functions remain unseparated.

Nor is this the first time that this issue has been raised. For ten years Mr. Mathu, the leading African member of the Legislative Council of Nairobi, has been pressing for the separation of judicial and administrative powers. While agreeing that native tribunals should continue to deal with customary law, he has urged that all other cases, both civil and criminal, should be tried by circuit magistrates or by the Supreme Court. One of the arguments used against him has always been that there are not enough travelling magistrates in Kenya to do the job. This makes all the more strange the government's reluctance to see Africans qualify for this legal work. The only African barrister practising in Kenya today qualified by stealth, reading for the bar under the cover of the social science course which the government had selected for him at a Welsh university. No such obstacles are raised in Nigeria, where there are already five African judges (out of 13) and where half the magistrates on circuit work are Africans.

This reluctance is part of the fears which beset the Kenya government as it faces the problems revealed by the emergency. The European in Kenya suffers from a split mind; with one half of it he is conscious of great affection for individual Africans who are his servants or his friends; with the other he is aware that the collective aspirations of the African threaten the privileges to which he knows that, on any democratic reckoning, he has no right. How long, he wonders, can 30,000 whites continue to dominate five and a half million blacks? How long will the African farmer with five acres continue to let his European neighbour appropriate 1,000 acres? And so, while he presses feverishly ahead with schemes of agricultural improvements in the reserves and with the belated development of social services, the Kenya European resists with ferocity any changes which would weaken white control over the African's person and his life. Yet it is from that control that the thinking African is now determined to break free. That is why, contrary to the impression given in the House of Commons, the Africans welcomed the proposals of Colonel Young, feeling instinctively that they were not a bad point from which to start their fight for equality.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

THE occasion of Gaitskell's election was marked by a dignity that the Tory press has rejoiced to find absent in recent Labour party battles. Aneurin Bevan, whose relatively high poll encouraged his friends, made a speech which, by all accounts, was restrained and conciliatory; he congratulated Gaitskell, hoped that the hatchets would be buried and party unity repaired under the new leadership. Herbert Morrison's defeat was a foregone conclusion; but his opponents, as well as his supporters, felt its cruelty. No one can blame him for refusing to stand as deputy-leader. He has played second fiddle too long and has made too many bids for leadership. When at long last his chance came, the party, as a whole, knew that he was no longer up to the job. Herbert Morrison has left his mark on the party, and must be content with his memories of the many party conferences he has dominated, and with the Labour Party conquest of London which was his personal achievement. The over-bureaucratic machine of the L.C.C. (which, since he left for office in Westminster, has, despite its fine record as an electoral machine, crushed initiative) was his creation. His, too, was the "managerial" attitude of Labour to industry—more realistic than the old I.L.P. attitude, but inconducive to Labour idealism. He was a very good Home Secretary during the war. He would have been a better leader, perhaps, if, like Ernest Bevin, he had not been embittered by the necessity of a long and ruthless fight with the Communists.

* * *

A very odd constitutional problem arises now. According to precedent and to standing orders it seems clear that he automatically relinquishes the job of Treasurer and it is the duty of the National Executive to appoint in his place his runner-up at the last election. That, of course, was Aneurin Bevan. Somehow I suspect that the National Executive will find some way of escape from this embarrassing appointment. Its members may fall back on their powers as the interpreters of the constitution and standing orders. Perhaps they will argue that Mr. Gaitskell was elected last October and may retain both offices until a successor is again elected by the 1956 Conference. Conceivably they could put the office in commission with the secretary of the party as acting Treasurer. The pundits tell me that they would be infringing the party constitution if they do. Similar problems arise over the election of the deputy leader. On three past occasions when there have been contests for the leadership of the party, the runner-up has been immediately chosen as deputy leader. This occurred in 1906 and 1922, but the most important precedent was in 1935. Attlee then defeated Morrison and Greenwood, but Morrison refused to stand as deputy and Greenwood was thereupon appointed unopposed. If that example were followed on this occasion, Aneurin Bevan would be accepted as deputy leader without a contest, and I have been surprised to learn how many M.P.s, by no means all of the Left, now believe that this is the one possible way of restoring party unity. If, on the other hand, a member of the Executive—say, as a likely example, Jim Griffiths—were elected deputy leader, that would create a vacancy on the National Executive, since the deputy leader is a member *ex officio*. In that case the National Executive would have to appoint the candidate who headed the list of unsuccessful candidates for the National Executive at the last annual conference. That would be Sydney Silverman.

A horribly familiar stench arises from Cyprus. The stock series of miseries follow one another. The moderate Archbishop, we are told, is daily losing ground, the "extremists" (I had almost written Sinn Fein or Stern gang) are daily gaining ground; a riotous youth is to be judicially flogged, which means that he and his family and friends (and soon all the Greek youth of the country) are enemies and next time will throw bombs instead of rioting; villages that aid terrorists are "collectively punished" (where have we heard that one before?); a number of British soldiers have been killed, while so many hundred Cypriot peasants and townsfolk have been beaten, arrested, killed or imprisoned (one of them "talked" after he had been given "special treatment"); bloodhounds are in use (Kenya, wasn't it, last time?); our men have made a "sweep" in the hills, shot so many "terrorists" and captured some arms dumps; it is "officially believed" that the terrorists will soon be short of arms. . . .

* * *

I am delighted to see that Lord Jowitt has presented the government with an excellent excuse for suspending (which I suppose means dropping) the ban on heroin. Since I wrote my comment last week I have had further conversation with a friend in a position to have inside knowledge on the subject. He assures me that it really is true that no heroin is exported from this country to the United States, where heroin addiction has increased rapidly since the drug was banned, while we, as everybody has been told, only have precisely 54 addicts in the country as a whole. If it is true, as I am now assured, that addiction in the U.S. is based entirely on *illicit* heroin, then it seems to me that the entire case for banning it here falls to the ground. The result of banning it would be to make illegal traffic immensely profitable and to keep it from doctors who need it to alleviate the most terrible of human agonies. My friend also raised grave doubts on a second point. I noticed that some hospitals found substitutes and others, perhaps for conservative reasons, continued to use it in large quantities. My friend said, "One has to get it into one's head that there are some doctors who don't think the relief of pain very important. It sounds impossible but it is true. One of the important qualities of heroin is that it produces a sense of 'euphoria.' But there are doctors who object to this on principle."

* * *

The doctors—would you believe it?—have actually agreed about homosexuality in their long and careful memorandum to the Home Office Departmental Committee. They point out that official knowledge and decisions on the subject are at present based on the few cases that get into court and consulting rooms; public information is "derived from prisons and institutions and mentally deranged persons". Rightly they urge the need of wider research, but fortunately do not use this as an excuse for shirking proposals based on the special knowledge they possess as doctors. The profession at last admits the existence of congenital homosexuality as distinct, for instance, from life-long habits originally formed in adolescence. Their report is balanced and humane: it turns attention to the unknown multitude of homosexuals who are not known ever to have committed a homosexual act, in spite of the appalling difficulty the genuine homosexual must have every day of his life. Do we, normal people, ask ourselves how long we should keep out of gaol if it was an offence for us to show any interest in the other sex although we were normally expected to mix with them freely in bedrooms, bathrooms and lavatories? The present law, the B.M.A. evidence points out, has many bad effects; it increases fear, nervous tension and blackmail. The one advantage claimed for it—the protection of the young—must be maintained in the case of males just as it is in that of girls. If—as rational judgment and the experience of civilised foreign countries suggests would be wise—homosexual practice among consenting adults is no longer to be punished, then the doctors, rightly, I think, suggest 21 as the "age of consent."

* * *

What serious excuse can the Government advance for doubling the cost of posting books? Publishers, booksellers and authors are immediately very hard hit; so are the libraries, and so, indirectly, is the public, since the inevitable result will be further to increase the cost of books. It increased postal revenue had to be acquired, why single out books, the general accessibility and wide dispersion of which is one of the best tests of civilisation? Newspapers and tradesmen's circulars can still go cheap; almost every week I can receive, at minimum postal cost, elaborate invitations to spend my money on football pools. But order a book not in stock at a booksellers, or ask a book club or the London Library to send me a book by post and the cost of postage is suddenly about doubled. This is nothing more or less than a new "tax on knowledge", and yet I would never have said that Mr. Butler was the sort who felt for his Browning (or budgetary revolver) every time anyone mentioned the word "culture".

CRITIC

Yonder Cheesecake

The "Daily Express," announcing a new sales record "and no cheesecake," quotes with approval a recent American statement that Beaverbrook "dominated the thought and philosophy of his editors until his newspapers were a complete reflection of their proprietor."

Good Lord Beaverbrook looked out
  At four million readers;
All his men were trained to shout
  Loud staccato leaders;
Trumpets on his centre page,
  But the front was louder
Like an elephant in rage
  With an empty *howdah*.

"Hither, Sec., and sit right there;
  Take your pad and Biro;
You will find there's more hot air
  When the technic's pyro—
Bring me stunts and ballyhoo;
  Empire must be feted.
Yonder cheesecake will not do
  (Dirt is over-rated)."

"Sir, your sales are certified—
  Are your readers also?
Why do not your sales subside
  When some others fall so?"
"Mark my methods, my young friend,
  How I choose my press-men;
You will see that in the end
  All depends on yes-men."

Lord and lackey forth they skip
  Clown and Empire builder,
Praising men who bravely whip
  Rebel Cypriot childer.
Therefore keep your paper clean—
  Sales will not be slower;
While avoiding the obscene
  You can sink much lower.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Are not those who agitate for the abolition of the death penalty confused over the material and the spiritual? When we hang a man we only kill his body; we cannot kill his soul.—Letter in *Church Times*. (E. C. Perrott.)

The casualty was a policeman on duty outside, who fainted soon after the Princess's arrival. Even as he crumpled up, he was careful to avoid falling on the red carpet.—*Evening Standard*. (J. Young.)

The Church had grounds for disapproval. Greene's prose is the plain man's guide to ungracious living. Quite apart from the peeling walls and mouldering sardine tins which grace his characters' rooms, there is something indefinable, something not quite nice about the way they live and suffer.—*Sunday Express*. (M. Snowball.)

Our only son, aged seventeen, is trying to make up his mind whether to be a hairdresser or a novelist. He finds it hard to decide, for both occupations fascinate him.—Letter in *Tit-Bits*. (W. Pugh.)

For instance, one of the newer shoe shops once hung a rod of carpet slippers outside the front door. We pointed out to the owner that the Queen was our landlord and we had never had anything like that in Regent Street before; that carpet slippers were not quite the thing anyway. He took them in again.—*Daily Express*. (M. V. Bonyun.)

Lord Salisbury's Little Plot

THE House of Lords is in the news again with the proposal that peers should be paid a subsistence allowance. Though this has touched of a fresh argument about M.P.s' salaries, discussion in the newspapers has been narrowly confined to these two topics. Yet can it really be as innocent as that?

There is plenty of available evidence to suggest that it is quite the opposite. In fact there are many reasons for believing that a radical reform of the Lords, of which payment is only a minor part, has been skilfully planned and is likely to be carried through in the coming year. As this problem has been discussed intermittently since Cromwell abolished the place 300 years ago (and has been technically "urgent" since the 1911 Parliament Act) such a seemingly rash prediction will be received with—to put it mildly—some reserve. In parliamentary language it must be substantiated or withdrawn.

To explain why the accepted stalemate should now be resolved requires a brief look at the circumstances which have combined to obstruct reform in recent years. Of these the most important and obvious has been the change in the nature of the problem. In 1909 it was a crowded House recklessly challenging the supremacy of the Commons that gave an impetus to reform. In 1955 it is an empty House contentedly observing its own decline. This very fact has killed the abolitionist movement. Why should a Labour government fear a feeble House with trifling powers? And if ever it were to become a nuisance, then its very illogical absurdity would make it all the easier to deal with. "Let sleeping Lords lie" is the motto.

The desire for a change has therefore been shifted to the Conservatives. They have seen that to be strong the House of Lords needs an operation; and would-be surgeons have long

worked on this project. But even if a workable arrangement could have been devised it would have failed for a far more practical reason. Lord Salisbury publicly blames the non-cooperative Labour Party for holding up reform. In fact Conservatives, too, are sharply divided on the question. There are first the "backwoodsmen" themselves to be reckoned with. They are solid and useful anti-Socialist lobby fodder when the need arises, but they are by no means good party-line Conservative back-benchers. Lord Salisbury's whip has no sting for them. A bill to exclude them would founder on their strong instinct for self-preservation.

But the real barrier to change is the sizeable minority of Tory M.P.s who would not support any plan that involved reducing the inherited element in the Lords. This group might well be resolute enough and big enough to unite with the opposition to defeat a reform bill in the Commons. This is really what has so far scared off the cabinet, reputedly divided itself, from making a frontal assault on the problem. Anyway, ministers could always draw comfort from the feeling that it wasn't urgent. But this last piece of self-deception is not shared by Lord Salisbury. He, at any rate, understands that the situation in the Lords is far more serious than it seems. And he is right. The packed benches of peers at the opening of Parliament (the only time most M.P.s ever visit the "other place") and the flatteringly full reports of their debates in *The Times* give a wholly false impression. The real problem is finding debates to fill the days; and routine legislative business is handled by a tiny group of loyal peers.

Lord Salisbury also knows why the Lords is dying. Put simply, it is a problem of powers, status and pay—but mainly status and pay. The two Parliament Acts have reduced the veto to a brief delay, and the mere consultative assembly that is left is frankly not very attractive. But that mainly keeps away the Tory peers, and Lord Salisbury's real nightmare is the disappearance, paradoxically, not of Tory, but of Labour, peers. If *they* ever stopped coming the place would be killed stone dead. And this is a possibility. To find enough Labour peers to man the opposition benches is not easy unless you pay them and give them the feeling that there is a worthwhile job for them to do. But the official Labour line is to sacrifice these noble colleagues as part of the murder-by-neglect tactic, which is working well.

It must be for this reason that Lord Salisbury seems now determined not to wait any longer. It looks as if he thinks he has hit upon a plan which promises to be simple, politically attractive and which sidetracks all the obstacles that have prevented a change in the past. He seems to be pinning his hopes on the Select Committee now sitting under Lord Swinton to inquire into the powers of the House over the attendance of its members. Theoretically, this is to find ways of enforcing obedience to the writ of summons. But in practice it must be to see if those who persistently disregard it can be excluded. This approach, though not new, appears for the first time to have official backing. If the Select Committee reports favourably on the constitutional difficulties involved, it could mean that the absentees would be eliminated by the House itself, *without legislation*. Every peer might, for example, be given a simple choice—"You can come if you do come, but you can't if you don't." They might be invited to make the choice once for all or at the beginning of each session. An amendment to standing orders to introduce such a reasonable scheme could hardly be rejected even by the backwoodsmen.

But the changes surely wouldn't end there. Once the peers start putting their own House in order they are most likely to go on to make other minor changes, too. To start with, a peer who gave up his claim to sit and vote for life could then perhaps lose his disqualification from sitting in the Commons (like the Irish peers), thus removing the injustice which penalised Quintin Hogg and others! A simple motion, reversing the decisions in the Wensleydale case and on Lady Rhondda's petition, would allow life peers and women to be seated. It all looks so easy and indeed it would be. By the time all this has been done the House of Lords would have been reformed. After that it would only be a question of tidying up.

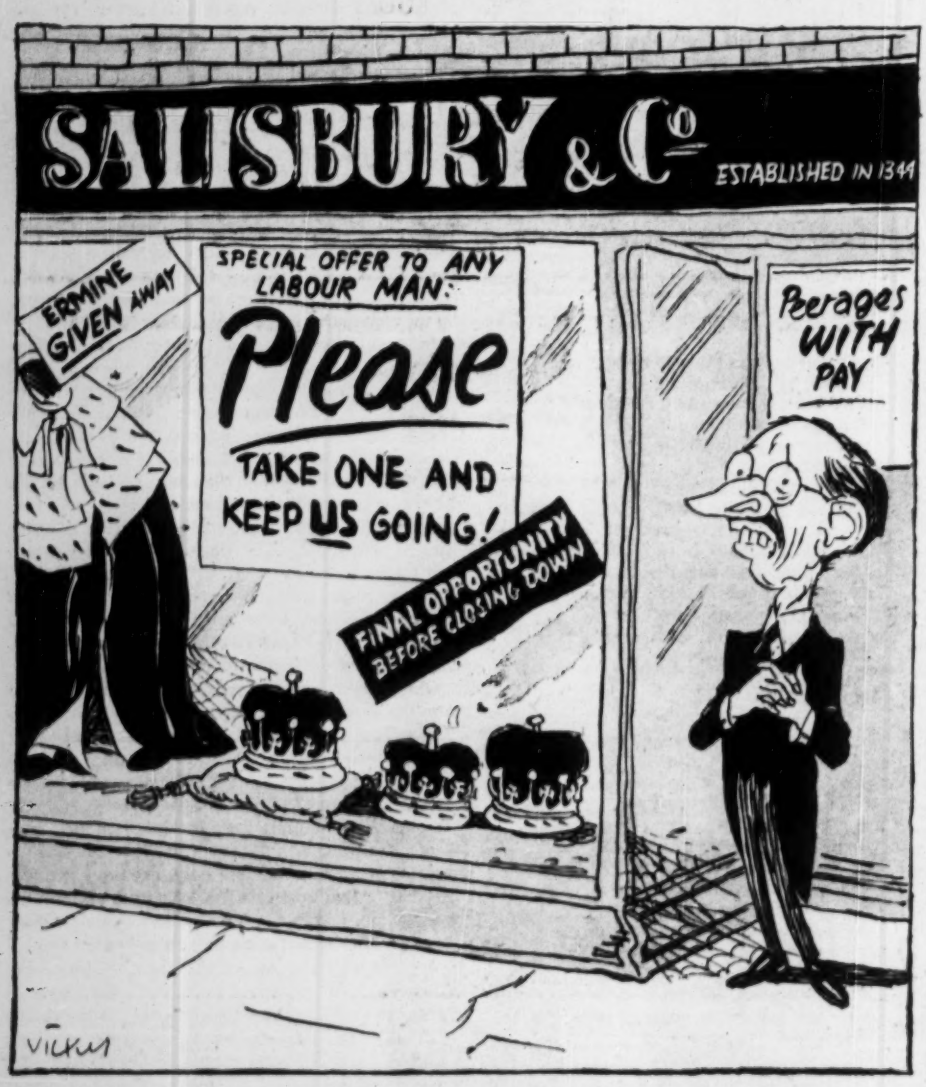
This then, it must strike Lord Salisbury, would be the moment to make good the hinted promises of a subsistence allowance. Naturally the Commons would have to vote the money, and perhaps there might be a little sweetener for M.P.s at the same time. There is no danger of a Tory revolt over paying modest expenses to the working members of a now workmanlike second chamber.

If this is a correct assessment of Lord Salisbury's intentions and their chances of success, the Labour Party may be in some difficulty. It would not be easy to oppose reforms never debated in the Commons. And Labour peers might well kick over the traces if the shadow cabinet tried to compel them to oppose such "sensible" adjustments, with the *sole* object of preserving the existing absurdities for party political ends at some unspecified future date. Nor would it be easy to stage an effective public campaign against the plan. With no increase of powers involved, the man in the street might not respond to the subtleties and hypothetical suspicions of a Transport House campaign.

The final master-stroke Lord Salisbury must surely have in mind would be the offer of twenty or thirty peerages (perhaps life peerages) to the Labour Party, ostensibly to get a "fairer" political balance, but conveniently providing honourable—and, by then, pensioned—retirement for deserving ex-Ministers and other veterans, opening up a host of by-elections to bring fresh recruits to the ranks of Labour M.P.s or to find room for the displaced warriors of 1951 and 1955. What an irresistible proposal for everybody!

This then is the evidence on which the prediction of imminent reform is based. Although it is inevitably speculative, the facts certainly point to some such hypothesis. Whatever else it means, it should surely underline the need for some serious—and early—thinking in the Labour Party. The task of formulating a policy about the second chamber cannot be put off indefinitely.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN



Kind Hearts and Coronets

Fleet Street Notebook

I MUST say that I am surprised that no other paper besides the *Daily Mail* felt it necessary to defend the press against the drubbing it was given by prosecuting and defending counsel alike at the "Jack Spot" trial. As the *Mail* remarked after the trial ended, there were moments during it when one might have thought that it was the press that stood in the dock and not four people, all of whom were finally proved guilty of having conspired to pervert the course of justice. Not unnaturally, the relations of the Rev. B. C. H. Andrews with the *Daily Sketch*, which had been paying his hotel bills, came in for a good deal of comment by defending counsel. But Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, the Solicitor-General, went further than this. Commiserating with one of those he was prosecuting for conspiracy, Mrs. Comer, he remarked that it would be "astonishing" if the jury did not feel sympathy with her about the conduct of the press, "which," said he, "if what she says is true, would earn the contempt of any of you. Disgraceful." What Mrs. Comer had said was that newspaper reporters sat outside her flat in their cars day and night before she flew off to Dublin where she was later arrested. A trying ordeal, no doubt, but one that does not seem to have soured Mrs. Comer towards the press as much as it has Sir Harry: she sold her exclusive story, "They Call Me a Gangster's Moll," to the *Sunday Pictorial* last Sunday.

This case, and the criticisms of the popular newspapers flung about so freely by counsel during its course, seems to me to raise issues of first-rate importance—not altogether irrelevant to the attempt on the part of *The Times* and others to put the mass circulation newspapers in their place, to which I referred a fortnight ago. They have a certain analogy to the sustained criticism directed against the same newspapers by established authority and its satellites for keeping on so about Burgess and Maclean, and for not leaving poor Mrs. Maclean alone until such time as it was abundantly proved by her flight that she had been privy to her husband's activities all the time. (The *Daily Express* has this week published an account of its record in this case.*) It is, indeed, becoming increasingly fashionable to criticise and denigrate the popular press whenever it performs its proper function, which is to create trouble and uproar for those in authority when issues arise on which popular opinion is deeply disturbed.

Some of the background to the present fuss is not without interest. Immediately following the original "Jack Spot" case, which had the result of declaring that a knife fight seen by scores of people in a crowded Soho street had legally never taken place, there was surely very proper outcry on the part of all the mass circulation newspapers for a full investigation. To this some of them added allegations that Soho was full of rumours of police "corruption"—a matter obviously of the highest public concern if true. This was followed by an extremely odd episode at Scotland Yard. A number of crime reporters who had written such stories were warned that "Scotland Yard's arm is long enough to reach any newspaper in the country." Undeterred, the newspapers continued on their course and began to do a good deal of investigation on their own account into the affairs of the Rev. B. C. H. Andrews and those of Comer and his associates. These investigations, although no doubt upsetting to some of

* *The Great Spy Scandal. Daily Express.* 5s.

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those who were the subject of them, produced results which the outcome of the conspiracy case seems fully to confirm. At the same time, the *Mail* came out with a splash story of a scandal in the West End police which was at once denied by Sir John Nott-Bower, who made a special visit to the C Division to do it, and by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons. When the *Mail* persisted in its "challenge," however, a letter to that paper suddenly arrived from Sir John Nott-Bower explaining that his original statement had not given entirely the right impression. In fact, it would now appear that although the first *Mail* story gave an exaggerated view of what was happening, a searching inquiry has been considered necessary. Police corruption has also been suggested by another criminal case.

No doubt in some of their "investigations" and charges some of the newspapers have gone further than they should. No doubt they are also full of a lively expectation of increased circulation from such activities. When the *People* advertises, as it is at present doing, "Corruption. Vice. Dope. London's Dens of Evil. Another Damning Exposure," no one would be so naive as to assume that it is not hoping to pull in the customers. But the fact remains that its crime reporter, Duncan Webb, has produced a good deal of disturbing evidence with names and details which suggest authenticity and that an earlier series of his named a woman who has now, but only many months later, been charged and convicted.

In a fascinating study of the course of newspaper circulation presented to the Manchester Statistical Society earlier this year, Mr. A. P. Wadsworth, the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, commented that a great deal of the early history of the press can only be explained by the persistent belief of authority "that the lower orders were not to be trusted." I sometimes suspect that traces of the same feeling account for a good deal of the current denigration of the popular press. It would often be very convenient to dismiss everything it does as beneath serious notice. Some of it, no doubt, is. Some of it deserves condemnation. That is why I, for one, believe that the Press Council would be infinitely stronger with an independent chairman, as the Royal Commission recommended. The press should not be the judge in its own case.

But beneath the noise and exaggeration the popular press is, in fact, doing its proper job when it gives great publicity to such an affair as the "Jack Spot" case or, for that matter, to Burgess and Maclean. It is its business to shout.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Encounters with Wyndham Lewis

THE room, sparsely daylit, was booklined, gasfire warm, almost cosy. I had such a preconception about Mr. Wyndham Lewis that I felt I had come to the wrong house. I had hazily expected a vast empty studio, harshly angular, with sparse furniture ready to bite the shins. I had expected to see Mr. Lewis in a black sombrero, casually grinding some Left Book Club publication into the bare floorboards with an ironclad heel.

Gingerly seating myself in an armchair, I was much reassured by the presence of two ashtrays. One, of glass, like the base of a Cyclopean jam jar, I recognised as that which stands on the table in Lewis's portrait of Ezra Pound, now in the Tate Gallery. This pretty weapon, I had always felt, could be flung in a parabola by Mr. Pound, and glancing off some distinguished intellectual, return to base. The other ashtray, no less formidable, stood by Lewis's chair. Black, metal, some two feet in height, with, sunk into its summit, a shiny chromium cup, pierced at the base with a round hole, it was a most implacable ash vortex. Mr. Lewis, clothed in black, sat hunched in a blue-black chair, squared off, partner to his ashtray; and on the summit of Mr. Lewis's black and formal figure was Mr. Lewis's head, wedge-shaped, blade-nosed, with a forehead like a sledge-hammer, beneath which the girders of his spectacle frames seemed to provide a dangerous cakewalk for ideas to cross.

I specify that this was the first time I had laid eyes on Mr. Lewis, who was, at that time, an ogre to me; inexcusably a man of genius on the wrong side of the fence and therefore as embarrassing as the Stone Guest at the Supper Table. Mr. Lewis, well aware I imagine, of this relationship, was mildly curious at my having included him in a little monograph on *British Drawings*, but the interview went smoothly and Lewis charitably forebore to heat the oven round the half-baked.

This was in 1946 and much about this time, maybe a year or so later, Lewis began to write art criticism regularly in the *Listener* and, to the vague alarm of many, to give praise without stint among the younger painters. In May, 1949, the Redfern Gallery staged a large retrospective Lewis exhibition and for some weeks after this, the stealthy shuffling could be heard of persons moving round behind Mr. Lewis, in order, when occasion should arise, to stand shoulder to shoulder with him. Before they could get into position, Mr. Lewis's sight failed and he became almost totally blind. With a sigh of relief, the floating vote wrote him off as done for. I had seen relatively little of Lewis during these two or three years and can remember nothing remarkable about our occasional encounters with the exception of two. One was a chance meeting in the Redfern Gallery, during his 1949 show. I wandered in to find two silent figures contemplating the exhibits. One was Mr. T. S. Eliot, dressed with quiet elegance in a blue business suit, stooped like a benevolent osprey and gazing intently at Lewis's early self-portrait. This imposing picture shows the artist gazing stonily out from the canvas and wearing a large fierce hat. The sole other occupant of the room was Mr. Lewis himself, wearing a large, fierce hat and gazing stonily at his own portrait of Mr. Eliot, a picture in which the poet is dressed with quiet elegance in a blue business suit.

The other, an earlier occasion, which stands out in my mind, is an evening which happened to be the late Constant Lambert's birthday. During the course of this event, Lambert remarked that he had, on a previous birthday, met Lewis in the rather dispiriting bar of the Notting Hill Gate underground railway station, a spot rarely patronised by rank and fashion. Lambert told me that on this previous occasion, he had enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing Wyndham Lewis sing a song, or part of a song, called "Pretty Polly Perkins" and nothing would content Lambert but to make a pilgrimage to the scene of this past triumph. When, fairly late at night, we approached the entrance to the bar, he explained to me that the opening stanza of the song began "I'm a broken-hearted milkman . . ." and I was much struck by the singularity of Lewis so designating himself. As we pushed open the door of the bar, a grim and forbidding edifice, only two people were standing at the long counter. At one end was an orchestral conductor known to us both. At the other end of the bar, Mr. Wyndham Lewis was standing, with a large black hat pulled down over his eyes. No one spoke and the only sound was that of trains roaring and groaning beneath our feet. Without seeing us and without singing a note Lewis turned and strode out into the night.

When Lewis published in the *Listener* a short article of astonishing power in which he informed his readers that, being blind, he was disinclined to continue as a regular art critic, I was entirely unprepared for this information and very uncertain what to do. I was fearful of making any overture to him, since our acquaintance had been a casual one, founded upon visual matters, and these, I felt, Lewis would not wish to discuss. The occasion for re-establishing relations came early in 1953 when I was asked by the editor of a symposium to solicit a contribution from Lewis. This editor, although filled with good will, could not summon the courage to approach Lewis direct and I accepted the task. I visited Lewis in the spirit of a visitor to Gaza, but found no Samson Agonistes. Instead, I found the same man in the same chair, abutting the same loaded ashtray. During tea, he informed me that he was completing a new novel and was half-way through revising a book on the current dilemma of the visual artist. He had, he said, several short stories to hand and would be pleased for me to take one for my purpose. We talked of Pound, I remember, and of painting. Lewis insisted that he was no longer interested in anything visual, including his own pictures. He then spent three-quarters of an hour disproving all but the latter part of this assertion. Physically he was little changed except that his eyes, no longer concentrated in their regard, were shaded by a green plastic peak. This added a curious dimension to his face. The forehead, which hitherto had been, it seemed to me, designed for striking ringing blows, was now bisected but armed with a green obsidian cutting edge, from beneath which the nose reared like a secret weapon: an armed head indeed. His hands, with delicately exploratory movements, sidled over the limited terrain of knees and teacup, with fingers held together.

There seemed to be no dictaphone in the room and in any case I could not see that writing of Lewis's dense texture and imagery could really be achieved by an Edgar Wallace-like dictation into the machine. Yet he had in some way contrived to complete a body of work in a given year as great as that of a man with perfect vision. He wrote, it transpired, in long-hand on large pieces of cartridge paper upon a drawing board, manuscripts probably of the area of an operatic full score. The hideous labour of this procedure and the irritation that it must engender, are things difficult to conceive and it must have been with both surprise and amusement that Lewis encountered a proportion of those reviews of his novel *Self Condemned* which somehow contrived to give the impression that he should try harder to master the technical problems of writing.

It is singularly uncomfortable, no doubt, that Lewis is still so much among those present. Persons in the art world who were disturbed by his exhibition in 1949 and had since been reassured by his blindness, have recently been forced hastily to take up previously prepared but long neglected positions as a result of a small but loaded essay entitled *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*. The biblical image of a blind man pulling down a temple was hardly to be expected in Dover Street in 1954, especially since votaries who had cause to duck the falling plaster had not thought themselves to be Philistines. A blind man might at least be expected to leave the visual arts alone.

MICHAEL AYRTON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Alas, Poor Hamlet

THE Scofield-Brook season, which promises, besides the present *Hamlet*, a revival of *The Family Reunion* and an adaptation of Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, is so interesting and enterprising a venture that I should like to have given it a welcome without reservation; and indeed, as a venture, I do. It has been the one oasis towards which we have been sweating through the desert of triviality to which the theatre has treated us in the last few months. How sadly disappointing then—especially after all that Russian publicity—to find at the Phœnix only a mirage. I see no need to be indulgent—our Russian colleagues having supplied the charity in most generous measure—and I will plainly declare my opinion that this is the worst acted, worst spoken, worst designed, worst directed Shakespeare that I have seen for many years. That it should be the first representative of English Theatre to be seen by the Russians since the Revolution is a great pity; but that it should have made so good an impression is a piece of excellent luck. We can do a great deal better than this, and if there should be a next time, disappointment for the Russians should be easy to avoid.

With the best will in the world I can really find little to enjoy here, with the exception of Mr. Alec Clunes's king—but not even the best actor can succeed in a total vacuum. Point by point the production is an unmitigated disaster, exhibiting every vice of contemporary Shakespearean production, and providing, for once, no compensations in return. The decor is drab—that horrible stone colour beloved of old-fashioned local authorities being the prevailing tone. The setting provides at one and the same time the least interesting and the smallest acting space that could be devised. It is a permanent set, but being not suggestive enough to evoke very many of the different scenes, it has to be decked out with a series of properties to supply the relevant atmosphere. This is a favourite modern device which can work effectively, if it is done very ingeniously and very simply. Here there is neither enough ingenuity, nor the right kind of simplicity; for instance, a two-foot-six divan covered in old rose silk is an ineptly naive symbol of the Queen's bedroom (especially when, facing the other way, it has already done duty for the King's closet); while it is not very ingenious when at the close of the play scene the clatter of attendants dismantling before our eyes the players' stage effectively drowns several minutes of dialogue.

As to the production, I should be very interested to know how much of rehearsal time Mr. Brook devoted to the company's speaking and acting—as opposed to their movement and business. I very much suspect it was very little indeed. This production illustrates all too clearly the dangers that arise when a producer is not himself versed in the various arts of the actor (we have, alas, several of them). Rehearsal time in England is, of course, costly and so necessarily limited; and the producer consequently concentrates on what he knows most about. Evidently this company has been left to its own devices in the matter of speaking and acting, and they have got on with it as best they could each in their own way with little reference to one another. The consequent chaos is a positive anthology of English acting styles, all going on at once.

But granted his limitations, I should have expected a producer who has had the advantage of working with Shakespearean actors like Sir John Gielgud and Sir Lawrence Olivier to be a little less deaf to the treatment of the verse. I should have expected him to snatch a moment or two from his other preoccupations to pick up the actors when they continuously and grossly emphasise wrong word after wrong word. "How all occasions do inform against me!" Could anyone with an ear, day after day, and night after night, listen to an actor treating "—form against" as a dactyl and ending on a heavily accented ME? And so on and so on through the play?

Then surely if the producer is not going to be able to get what he wants out of his actors, he will at least type-cast those small roles which lend themselves to type-casting, will choose a player king who is not the smallest of the troupe and who is endowed in the first place with a declamatory voice: will pick a Rosencrantz and Guildenstern who will look like members of court, not like the denizens of some Redbrick Wittenburg out of a Kingsley Amis novel?

If not the acting or the speaking, then what does the producer concentrate upon? The movement of the play as a whole and, within this general conception, the action, the placing, the grouping, the movement, the business. This is usually the strength of the non-acting producer, and it is usually Mr. Brook's strength. He has indeed a touch of real genius for it. It is not like him to come such a cropper as he has done here. Whatever general conception of the play he started with has not come through. And his staging is, for once, inept. A great deal of the trouble here comes from the absurdly small acting space left by the absurdly constricting set. The worst example is the hugger-mugger in what is made the central scene, the play scene. The centre of the stage is taken up with this built-up little boxing ring on which the players act; precariously perched high in the right-hand corner two thin thrones for the king and queen balanced as it were on scaffolding; in the other back corner Laertes clinging on to a window-sill by a toe and a finger to get a view of the king; Hamlet and Ophelia in the foreground on the opposite diagonal to the thrones, divided from them by the boxing ring so that it is impossible to see at the same time both Hamlet and the king's reactions to his remarks even supposing that through the hubbub of the shuffling shoulder to shoulder courtiers one could hear any of them; Hamlet tearing round the ring to make his taunts to the king and tearing back to Ophelia's side.

The moments of dramatic action, Hamlet's escape, the fights, the king's death were, surprisingly, muffed; while Mr. Brook had a most unhappy touch with the business, most of which consisted in pointless movement for movement's sake. I will give only one example. Could anything be more wilfully meaningless than to have Hamlet climb up on to a small round table to deliver the first part of "Oh What a Rogue and Peasant Slave am I?" And then climb down to deliver another bit with his right ear pressed to a wooden bench? But the whole performance is packed with infelicities, too many to note down, so fast they follow one on another.

But can it all, you may well ask, really be as bad as this, when the Moscow public and the Moscow critics—theatre-lovers both—treated it with such respect? The answer must still be, yes, it was about as bad as it could be; and, manners apart, I think I can explain the favourable Moscow reaction. First the contemporary English idiom of Shakespearean production is evidently fresh to them. This idiom is, when you first see it, exciting and novel. The permanent or semi-permanent set, enables the scenes to be shuttled off and on with great rapidity and restores something of the Elizabethan rhythm to the action, a rhythm necessarily lost with heavy scene changes. We here take this speed for granted now. But even a bad example of the method would impress those who have never seen it before and who are in any case prevented by the barrier of language from picking up most of the niceties.

So, too, I can understand the impression which Mr. Scofield made. He is a remarkable personality in the theatre. He has a unique quality of magnetism and of appearance which projects itself very powerfully in the theatre irrespective of what he is saying. I can well understand a critic who did not understand the language well writing, as one Moscow critic wrote:

> We are pleased to see that Peter Brook and Paul Scofield evidently do not share the view of those who can see in *Hamlet* a pessimistic approach to life. Scofield's Hamlet portrays a truthful, clean, honest, very lively youth, deeply indignant at the evil that is around him. He is noble, simple and intelligent.

Well, here where pessimism is not yet prohibited, I am bound to ask myself whether this would be an adequate delineation of a Hamlet if this was all Mr. Scofield achieved. "Noble," we may allow Hamlet: but surely anything but simple? Clean, if you prefer him so: but "very lively"? Mr. Scofield has, of course, great gifts, and the Moscow critics were quick to appreciate them. But they were not, to be frank, well used here. Mr. Scofield is an actor who needs direction more than any other, and, I should imagine, detailed direction. On this occasion he has clearly not had it. All the variety and subtlety of the part were missing, chiefly because Mr. Scofield failed to make the language serve his dramatic ends. It was as if he had conceived the part without the words, as if Shakespeare were for him, too, a foreign language; and so he missed alike the irony and the pathos, and if these are missing the part of Hamlet is hardly on the first step to being created.

T. C. WORSLEY

Local or Universal?

"I DO not count as civilised those mid-Europeans who ignore Sibelius." This characteristic aside was lightly thrown off by Dr. Vaughan Williams at the beginning of an article in honour of the Finnish composer's ninetieth birthday last week. On ceremonial occasions such compliments are obligatory: the Opposition cannot be taken seriously, they must be represented as fools or scoundrels. But the awkward question remains: *why* is the fame of this extraordinary man so unevenly distributed over the musical world? In Scandinavia, in Great Britain and in the United States he is generally reckoned one of the leading composers of the day; but the French care little for his music, the Germans and Austrians are scornful, the Italians scarcely aware of his existence. The explanation usually given is racial; but if only a "Nordic" can appreciate Sibelius, then why isn't he adored in Germany?

Tentatively, I put forward a suggestion. It is well known that composers, however fascinating their *obiter dicta* may be, are apt to prove the worst and most prejudiced judges of other kinds of music than that which happens to appeal to their own creative musical mentality. This is roughly true of all major artists, and a moment's reflection will show why: the very intensity of their own outlook on the world blinds them to the merit, even to the point, of any other. A similar phenomenon can be observed, I believe, in nations as a whole. Though individuals of eclectic taste are to be found everywhere, it is generally true that the more imposing a nation's own contribution to an art, the less it can see in the art of other nations. Certainly the two peoples who have made the richest contribution to Western music—Italy and Germany/Austria—are the most contemptuous of the productions of "outsiders"; at many periods they have even been contemptuous of each other's music. In countries like France and Russia, where music has leapt forward in fairly recent times, we can trace the growth of a similar isolationist mentality. England and America, on the other hand, still with only a handful of eminent composers between them, are chock-full of Verdi-lovers, Mahler-lovers, Debussy-lovers, Janacek-lovers and Sibelius-lovers; indeed it is quite common to find all these passions united, without the least insincerity, in a single individual. May not Sibelius be understood in

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Scandinavia by instinct, and in England and America because we have not yet acquired the blinkers provided by a large corpus of national music of great vitality and excellence?

In putting forward this suggestion, I assume that Sibelius *is* an important composer, not just an aberration of Scandinavian and English-speaking taste. But I feel equally sure that twenty or thirty years ago writers like Cecil Gray and Constant Lambert made exaggerated claims for his music as a whole, and for his symphonies in particular. They have not proved to be milestones along the main high-road of musical history, but weird and wonderful signposts pointing obstinately " To the North." They are not really to be spoken of—as they often were—in the same breath as the nine symphonies of Beethoven; nor is Sibelius, as V.W. called him on another occasion, " the heir of all the ages." But he certainly is a profoundly original artist, " a new voice that had never been heard before." It is not only that he opened up in terms of music an entire region of the globe which had previously been silent, or that he gave the most vivid and intense expression to a state of mind that had found vent before in poetry (notably in Wordsworth) but never in music, namely an apprehension of those elemental, non-human forces of nature which seem, in their vast indifference, to be positively hostile. Beside what might be called the geographical and the emotional novelty of his best music, there is also a definite novelty of form and design. To listen to one of his great symphonic movements is like watching a river in spate: " the themes," as Gerald Abraham puts it, " seem to be thrown up out of the complex musical stream, instead of the stream of thought being evolved from the themes." And, just as it is fascinating to watch the drama of logs and driftwood on the surface of a river, so it is fascinating to observe the unpredictable yet seemingly inevitable behaviour of Sibelian themes: their collisions and separations, their idle loiterings and sudden gathering of vital force as they find themselves caught up in the main current. All these things can be, and have been, analysed in strictly musical terms; yet it is significant that attempts to summarise the musical individuality of Sibelius nearly always employ analogies from the world of nature. He is a highly professional musician, who has turned out competent work in many fields, but he is supreme only as a nature mystic. His most original and surprising formal innovations coincide with his most intense poetic apprehensions of the natural world; in other fields, he is apt to fall back on conventionally attractive melodic material, arranged in effective but conventional patterns.

Sir Thomas Beecham, in a pre-birthday broadcast and in a brilliant concert on the birthday itself, put forward a plea for the " lesser " Sibelius. Besides playing the Fourth Symphony and *Tapiola* as perhaps no one else now plays them, he charmed us with the airy fancies of the *Snow-white* music and made the most of the rather too substantial *Pelléas* score. He values highly, he told us, this " large mass of genial, attractive, almost light music ": it is very human, he claims, more human than the Symphonies, and not well enough known. A few nights later, Bernhard Sönnerstedt, in a beautifully sung group of Sibelius songs on the Third Programme, made us feel that we had underestimated this department of the master's work. But the truth is that Grieg has written better songs in very much the same idiom; and that numerous composers have written suites, incidental music and entertainment music of all sorts which we value more highly than the best of Sibelius in this vein. No one, however, has written a " better " *Tapiola*, or a better Fourth or Sixth Symphony; no one has written anything remotely comparable. Such music is a permanent enlargement of our artistic consciousness: it represents an utterly original view of the universe, a view which one man's genius has made comprehensible to thousands.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Olivier's Richard

"Richard III," at the Leicester Square

I have never been one who took kindly to Shakespeare films; the business of films, as I see it, lies chiefly in imagery, and to put on a screen the dramatist who above others packs into his speech all the relevant images seems to me almost a contradiction in terms. Still, I would agree that with certain of the plays and a director of a certain temperament it *can* be done. Olivier did it laboriously once with *Henry V*, and laboriously missed it with *Hamlet*. How would he fare with *Richard III*, which one might say to some extent combines the two? *Richard* is not so exclusively an introspect as to reduce events—in film terms—to a camera crawl in a haunted castle; not inaction but bloody action springs from those soliloquies; and the genre being mixed—tragical-historical-comical—there is chance for the most seeing, restless medium to be itself.

This *Richard III*, let me say at once, appears to me the best Shakespeare film we have yet seen. It has the advantage over *Henry V* that it doesn't have to work its way by slow stages from that wooden O to the open-air of back-streets and battle. A simple scroll-like statement about the Wars of the Roses and the two factions, followed by the cast list, is the only introduction needed; Edward IV is crowned, and the guards recede to leave us with Richard gnawing his vitals. Those speeches that reveal a Macchiavelli with the gift of poetry, an Alexander Pope grown suddenly huge and active, are addressed by Olivier to himself and the air, with a grim stare or a knowing wink, straight at *us*. The soliloquy and the aside are thus made to belong to the film and not to go against its grain. Our first glimpse of Richard has been during the coronation when, standing close, back to us, he has looked round with the blank scowl of one turning on an unwanted press photographer. During these early scenes, which establish this black mountebank so tremendously, I felt hardly at all that usual embarrassment of Shakespeare films: trying to square what the eye is seeing with words from a stage three hundred years ago. Once or twice there was a faint disturbance as Olivier tied the word to the film "business": "my shadow"—there it was from the arc-lights: "lute music"—at once it transpires through a window. But these were only faint flickers. The idea of illustrating the Shakespearean monologue with crude realism has been quite abandoned since *Hamlet*, as has also the lure of action needlessly visualised. He has made free with the text, elaborated the action, expanded on regalia, and even brought on the scene that by-word "the harlot-strumpet Shore": nearly always to the play's—that is to say the film's—advantage.

The plottings, the sardonic reflections in private and melodramatic scenes in public, get away splendidly. Richard comes closer to us with every quip, every cloaked smile or audacious action. His love-scene with Anne, in which with a kiss and the threat of a sword sprung between his neck and a pillar, he compels acquiescence, has altogether more surprise and power than any I remember from the stage. After this we get the deformed peacock, and then the friend who kills Clarence, the uncle who abolishes uncles before turning to nephews, the King, with his reign of terror upheld by bursts of insane melodrama, and, last, the hag-ridden cut-throat who will swell to a last—and perhaps first—touch of nobility when he is circled in a wood like a fox by the hounds. Olivier doesn't give us an obviously "sympathetic" Richard (the text scarcely permits it), and yet sympathetic in its worldliness and wit, its frankness, the sheer necessity of evil, his performance is. As I have suggested, he brings Richard closer to us than has any other actor I have seen—including himself, a good many years ago. He is—for the space of almost three hours—Richard, in looks, voice, antics, everything. His particular triumph lies, I believe, in making so natural that we take it for granted, an offhand worldliness streaked

with demonic power. He has seen himself, too, with the outside eye of the director, so that, big or small, on the screen his malignancy strikes; he buttonholes us with the quiet news that so-and-so will lose his head, humps himself obsequiously yet with dignity about the dying king, springs down the bell-rope into the courtyard where his accomplices have to kneel to their new king. And like a good director he has first of all seen the whole play as a film to which colour and music, sets and actors contribute their utmost. Gielgud as Clarence, Ralph Richardson as Buckingham, and Claire Bloom as Anne are especially memorable; but one remembers, too, such incidental felicities as the snow on the ground when the young prince rides to London, the few silent spectators, Richard's casual wave from the window as with Buckingham he plots death.

This is Olivier's masterpiece, and I wonder where he will turn next.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Cutting the Corn

TELEVISION programmes "ought to express the coherent policy and outlook of a group of people conscious that what they have in their hands is a social responsibility, a life-charging force for the direction of which they are responsible."

The author of these noble sentiments is not, as might be supposed, Sir George Barnes or the editor of *The Times*, but Sir Robert Fraser, Director-General of the Independent Television Authority; and he obviously likes the look of them, for he prints them twice (on pp. 9 and 22) in his well-got-up pamphlet, *The Coming of Independent Television*. Towards the end of the pamphlet he flies even higher: independent TV is to be seen as "part of the apparatus of a living democracy . . . *one of the four great civilising influences of our country*—our homes, our schools, our press, our TV—*not just as a means towards sales.*" Descending into the deep corn belt, he concludes: "I have sometimes wondered whether there could not be found some national cause, something deeper in the national life even than industry and commerce, to which the intelligence and conscience of advertising could be manifestly geared—some cause. Well, here it is."

It is only fair to Sir Robert to explain that this part of his pamphlet is a reprint of a speech made at a dinner of advertising men more than a year ago. Even he would probably not now use quite these terms to describe a service in which *People Are Funny*, *Dragnet*, and *Double Your Money* are among the most typical programmes. After only two-and-a-half months of commercial television, the pretence that it is anything but "a means towards sales" was ruthlessly exposed by a spokesman of Associated-Rediffusion in a statement sneering at, *inter alia*, documentaries of the sort that Mr. Colin Wills has been producing, with great expertness, for Associated-Rediffusion itself. At the same time it was announced that Mr. Wills's programmes, *The Wide World* and *Foreign Press Club* were to be cut from half to a quarter of an hour. (Some compensation for this may be found in a new programme called *This Week*, in which Mr. Wills is to have a hand.)

It is unrealistic—and too late—to lament this process. It is part of the inexorable logic of commercial television. Exactly as its opponents foresaw that they would, the advertisers are becoming more and more dominant in the planning of the programmes—not by direct interference in their content, but by simply saying, in effect, "If you don't guarantee us eighty per cent of the viewers, we won't buy time." The easiest way of guaranteeing this is, apparently, to make ITV into what some already call it—a visual Radio-Luxembourg.

The guarantee will have to be pretty solid, too. For ITV's first year, most of the advertisers found a special appropriation, apart from their normal advertising expenditure. In future it will have to compete with other media within the normal appropriation. Soon the advertisers will be considering appropriations for the second year of ITV. Hence the desperate attempts to pan it by newspapers not financially interested in it; and, conversely, the boosting by those that are.

"Sponsorship" was a dirty word during the debates in Parliament on the Television Act. Direct sponsorship by advertisers, on the American pattern, was unthinkable here, we were assured, and the Act prevents it by what the ITA's first Annual Report calls "a system of watertight compartments." But if ITV is to sink to an absolutely uniform level of "lightness," some people are beginning to question in retrospect the wisdom of Parliament's insistence on this principle. Could sponsorship be worse? In America, some big firms, such as Ford, sponsor programmes of high quality, purely for prestige. In Britain, too, there are some firms—Shell, ICI, Whitbread, Guinness, Schweppes come to mind at once—with an enlightened style in advertising. Wouldn't it be a lesser evil, after all, to leave the programmes to them?

It cannot be said that this view has yet attracted much influential support. For every "prestige" programme put out on American TV, it is pointed out, there are hundreds of others of unspeakable banality. Moreover, the present tendency—partly on account of the high cost of stars—is away from advertisers' sponsorship and towards network sponsorship. None the less, the idea is being canvassed.

It is sad or amusing, according to the point of view, to re-read now, in the ITA's Annual Report, the solemn safeguards and assurances with which Parliament's apprehensions were lulled. Nothing was to be included in the programmes which offended against "good taste or decency"; the programmes were to "maintain a proper balance in their subject-matter, and a high general standard of quality"; and, above all, the ITA itself—the Authority—was set up, staffed with such eminent personages as Sir Kenneth Clarke, and charged with the duty of ensuring that these requirements were complied with.

Moreover, an Advertising Advisory Committee was set up under the Act. It announced that all TV advertising "should be legal, clean, honest and truthful." The public were not to be led to assume that a product had "some special property or quality which is in fact . . . incapable of being established." "Statistics of limited validity should not be presented in such a way as to make it appear that they are universally true." In the advertising of medicines it is not permitted to give an impression of professional advice or recommendation. Almost all these prohibitions would seem to have been disregarded in some commercials—though the loophole may be that, in the present state of the law, *oral* misrepresentation does not constitute an infringement of the Merchandise Marks Act (so a commercial may be visually truthful but contain spoken words that break all the rules). Again, the ITA has the duty of seeing that these recommendations are complied with.

How has the Authority been carrying out its duties? Turn to Sir Robert Fraser. "The Authority," he says, "has one moment of supreme and lasting influence over programmes: when it decides who will produce them and who will not. After that, its influence on programmes, if it is at all required, will depend on the relations established between it and the companies. The Authority sees them as partners to be trusted, not as agents to be instructed. Once appointed, they must do the job." A statutory responsibility could hardly be more casually shrugged off.

What of the undertaking on which most stress of all was laid, that there should be "a broad and balanced service designed to inform and enlighten as well as entertain"? The phrase is still quoted in the ITA Report (in a passage defending the presence in programme companies of popular newspaper interests!). But a startling new interpretation of it is offered—if only, so far, in

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(*P.H.-W.*—The Gramophone, *Nov.*, 1955)

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informal discussion—by ITV executives. Balance, they argue, must be judged from the point of view of the viewers. So long as the viewers can get information and enlightenment as well as entertainment, it doesn't matter to them where they get it from. Therefore, let ITV provide all the entertainment, and let the BBC provide the serious stuff. The BBC should become in short, TV's "Third Programme."

This would be a perfect division of labour, and of profit, if only the BBC were not obstinately insistent on its right and ability to provide entertainment also. The fact that such a concept violates the spirit of the law is beside the point: an absurd law may deserve to fall into contempt.

One more paragraph from Sir Robert Fraser: "*Well used, it* [TV] *is the most powerful, memorable and civilising medium for the communication of most things that was ever devised by the incredible brilliance of modern science. Ill used, it is just too awful to be believed.*"

The italics, this time, are his.

TOM DRIBERG

English Taste in the Eighteenth Century, at Burlington House

This exhibition consists mainly of furniture, tapestries, ceramics, silverware, carpets, dating from 1725 to 1800. It also includes a certain number of paintings and portrait busts but, with the exception of Hogarth's Wollaston Family and two pictures by Gainsborough, these are not of great interest in themselves. The aim of the exhibition is to unravel the various fashions of taste of the 18th century. The fact that the exhibits are displayed museum-wise and not naturalistically, and the fact that the relationship between objects and their architectural décor is not demonstrated, make the exhibition somewhat confusing and feeble in impact for all except experts. More ingenuity and, if necessary, fewer treasures would have been more useful. Everyone, however, will find a number of individual objects to delight him.

J. B.

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

Correspondence

RELIGION AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—As a working parson, may I strongly support the plea in Mr. Burnet's letter? For one thing, I believe that Christianity can stand on its own feet. Equally, despite the outbursts over Mrs. Knight's broadcasts, it is clear that there exists today a solid, well-grounded outlook, which can be broadly described as Scientific Humanism. It has its own discipline; basically, it has an integrity of mind in the search for truth which Christians should be the first to welcome and respect. It may not, as we think, undermine our central dogmas; it has unquestionably helped in forming the present outlook of Christians and non-Christians alike, and it will continue to do so. I venture the hope that Christians will not feel bound to the attitude "either-or"; may not our own ability to give depend still on our willingness to be learners, i.e., disciples? Today's problems are not of simple unbelief; their solution is not by "looking back."

5 Queens Road, Lipson, Plymouth. T. J. FOINETTE

CIRCUS CRUELTY

SIR,—Any adult capable of thought and imagination must be disgusted by the sight of animals compelled to perform "tricks" in public for their owner's profit. If we ask how the animals are brought to the requisite state of obedience, information is difficult to obtain. So far as I can discover, the people who appear on the stage or in the circus ring with the animals are rarely those who "trained" or "tamed" them. It seems that the animals are bought already conditioned. This conditioning seems to be done almost always abroad and in secrecy. It is said to involve the most hideous cruelty.

Here are a few of the allegations I have myself seen in print: that horses are hoisted off their forefeet by rope and pulley and then whipped; that dogs are suspended upside down by one hind leg, and other dogs confined in small boxes 23½ hours a day so that during the brief performance they may appear to be enjoying their exercise; that elephants are "trained" by starvation, chaining in stocks, prodding with spears and whipping on trunks and under their tails.

As for what goes on between performances, here is part of the testimony of Miss Natalie Lynn, the actress, who states that she has seen, in the United States, animals punished with "heartless cruelty. The larger animals were usually beaten over the nose with a heavy stick, and the smaller ones, such as dogs, were whipped with a long, thin whip." And in a book published in London last year a Mr. Alfred Court, who has had at least one season at Blackpool, tells how he incited a tiger to attack him and then broke clubs over its head and used the whip—"lashes came down like an avalanche, each cutting deep into the tiger's shining coat." The same Mr. Court relates as a joke how Dr. Goebbels complained that he was "too brutal" in his training methods.

Finally, there is the offer, maintained for twenty years by the Performing Animals' Defence League, to pay a reward (it now stands at £1,000) to anyone who succeeds in training without cruelty any untrained animals to perform a single circus "trick" on demand. The offer has never been taken up by any circus proprietor or animal "trainer."

In view of all this, what conclusion can we come to except that cruelty is proved beyond all reasonable doubt both by circumstantial evidence and direct testimony? For a remedy we need a statute without loopholes. Any use or display of performing animals in this country should be made illegal. Party politics are not involved. Which of our M.P.s will give the lead?

Meanwhile, something surely can be done about the use of television to popularise circuses and induce children to demand a visit to a "live" performance. The B.B.C. and, quite recently, the two commercial contractors have had great success with pictures of "untamed" animals, wild or domesticated. If they study and understand the reasons for the popularity of such programmes surely they will never again, at Christmas or any other time of the year, show on the television screen, with its revealing close shots, performing animals in whose eyes can be seen the bewildered misery of creatures conditioned into a state approximating to automatism.

8 The Common, W.5. JOHN BROPHY

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—I tremble to think that I may for one moment have given Mr. Klare the impression that I personally favour the "extermination" of aggressive psychopaths guilty of murder. I am opposed to capital punishment for anyone in any circumstances for any crime. I unreservedly endorse the last sentence of Mr. Klare's letter.

Nevertheless, I maintain—and this is what I meant to imply—that an effective answer to a popular argument which the retentionists are using now, and will likely continue to use even after abolition (it is well to recall that in several American states the death penalty was abolished only to be restored a few years later as a result of some emotional outcry), must ultimately be dependent on a clinical approach to the problem.

Concerning this clinical approach, which, despite the projected institution at Grendon Underwood and Mr. Klare's admirable suggestion for transferring aggressive psychopaths meanwhile to Broadmoor, does not seem fully realisable so long as our legal and forensic-psychiatric practices remain as they are today, I believe we have much to learn from other countries. In relating the case of Dolfi Salinger, I gave an example. May I now add a footnote to this?

Dr. Hubert, defence psychiatrist in the Neville Heath trial, was referred in cross-examination to the time eight years earlier when Heath had been sentenced to Borstal for housebreaking. He was asked: "If you had been called in his defence then, would you have said he was entitled to say he was insane . . . ?"

Dr. Hubert replied in the negative, and doubtless if he had replied in the affirmative he would have been laughed out of court. But Heath was a psychopath—that is not in dispute. Suppose he had been properly diagnosed as such in 1938, suppose the law equated psychopathy with insanity, as a formidable body of psychiatric opinion does, suppose, finally, Heath had been committed, as Dolfi Salinger was, to a hospital. Then he would most likely be alive today. So would Mrs. Margery Gardner and Miss Doreen Marshall.

39 Elm Park Gardens, London, S.W.10. GILES PLAYFAIR

MENTAL HEALTH

SIR,—In his enthusiasm, Mr. M. B. Shapiro (*N.S. & N.*, Dec. 3) has, perhaps unwittingly, conveyed a rather misleading impression of the potential contributions of the "academically trained experimental psychologist" to the study of mental disorder. His letter hints at the availability of a new class of scientific specialists, equipped with novel but established techniques suited to application in this field. He speaks rather as might have spoken an electronic engineer ten years ago, urging on industrialists the great potentialities of his and his fellows' expertise. It is neither appropriate nor fair to present the experimental psychologist in these terms. And it would certainly be wiser to avoid drawing upon the treacherous connotations of the epithet "scientific" in promoting his claims.

As one whose job it is to turn out the academic product championed by Mr. Shapiro, I feel sure that at least a number of my colleagues would agree as to what, broadly, we are trying to do. We try, I think, first to foster a constructive and critical appreciation of the general field of psychology as it is, and of its relations to other subjects: secondly to produce a sensitive and discriminating nose for essential problems: thirdly to encourage an honest eagerness to solve them: and finally to provide for the acquisition of some of the intellectual and technical skills (such as the art of experiment) which—so

far as we can see at the present time—are most likely to be of service. At the same time we hope to see to it that our students, gaining objective viewpoints, do not as individuals forfeit their sensibility to the urgencies of human need and distress.

To achieve all this would be much. It would certainly result, among other things, in the student being "scientifically" trained, in one of the less empty senses of the word. To claim more for his equipment can add nothing towards recommending the experimental psychologist within the framework of Mr. Shapiro's contentions. His potential contribution I, with Mr. Shapiro, rate high, but it will be realised in the measure of his concrete achievement.

Experimental psychologists are beginning to emerge effectively from their native home in the university laboratory. It would be a pity now to compromise their further progress by thrusting on them dubious or confusing descriptive labels, with whatever good or generous intent.

RICHARD C. OLDFIELD

The University,
Reading.

VIRGIN BIRTHS

SIR,—Dr. Spurway has been able to quote only one series of experiments in which the production in mammals of virgin births (live young), as distinct from activation and segmentation of the egg, is claimed. Examination of these reports shows that the experimental basis is not extensive and needs further confirmation.

She now says that in her article she "did not refer . . . to grafting between a child and its mother." One may well ask what then was the paragraph at the foot of the first column on page 652 of your issue of November 12 all about? Despite I. J. Good, I am of the opinion that in the present state of knowledge no reproductive physiologist with any pretensions to critical standards would accept the authenticity of a human virgin birth on the basis of a claim by the mother followed by a successful skin grafting test. In my view, much more work is necessary before such criteria can be taken as satisfactorily established.

S. J. FOLLEY

Shinfield, Berks.

THE EAST GERMAN RISING

SIR,—According to Mr. Crossman, East Germany is a pressure-cooker in which the desire for western freedom is being boiled out of some eighteen million Germans. One of the essentials of pressure-cooking is that there shall be no escape. For some time now escape has been possible and large numbers of the semi-cooked have left the pot for the raw freedoms of the West.

But though the pot may be hot it is home, and it is not surprising that most have remained. What *was* surprising was to encounter, on my recent visit to East Germany, a number of voluntary entrants who had the effrontery to insist that they were more free on the boil than off. Of course, it depends on what you mean by freedom. If you include as an essential part of it (as I do) freedom to turn out the government, then the failure of the 1953 rising was a demonstration that this freedom is as much lacking in East Germany as in any other Communist state. But if, bearing in mind what the exercise of this freedom has led to in the past in Germany, and fearing that in the West there are signs that it will lead to it again, you count it as an ultimate rather than an immediate essential, then you may regard freedom to pursue your job as a doctor, scientist, actor or teacher with the full material support of the state at your elbow as being the better choice.

I asked a lot of questions about the rising and received the stock answers from the Communists and a variety of answers from all sorts of people, ranging from critical supporters to outright opponents. My conclusion is not as certain as Mr. Crossman's. It is that the whole truth is not yet discovered.

The rebellion was spontaneous in timing and finely motivated. Yet it was urged by western propaganda and spread by the same means. It originated among trade unionists, yet the bandwagon was at once jumped on by ex-Nazis, pro-Nazis, neo-Nazis, militarists and nationalists in a country abounding with such people.

It must be admitted that the history of democracy in Germany is not encouraging. "Eighteen million Germans had a vision of freedom," says Mr. Crossman. Freedom to do what? There have been no western freedoms in eastern Germany for 20 years and for the most part of that time large numbers of the inhabitants have been keen supporters of the blackest tyranny the world has seen.

Is Germany ready for a lasting democracy or must this people continue for some time to be either the victims or the instruments of tyranny? I do not possess Mr. Crossman's simple faith; or is it loss of memory?

As tyrannies go, the East German model is a great improvement on its predecessor. It is a highly cultured tyranny; one in which race prejudice is a crime; a welfare state tyranny and oddly enough, one in which worker-management relationships seem to be getting on to a surprisingly easy basis.

HUGH JENKINS

25 Westmoreland Terrace, S.W.1.

JAZZ AND CONCENTRATION

SIR,—I can't for the life of me see why you think it suitable for "This England" and so, presumably, funny, that, a young reader of *The Melody Maker* asks whether others have also found that listening to certain kinds of jazz helps when seeking the answers to problems encountered in homework. Isn't it a fairly common experience that under certain circumstances listening to music seems to facilitate formation of mental patterns? Surely the young writer of the letter in question, having discovered this fact and tried to find out more about it, is to be commended rather than mocked? I should certainly like to know more about the kinds of circumstance and/or music that produce this effect.

MARGHANITA LASKI

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FLORA

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand why my review—which was surely, on the whole, very favourable—should have provoked Mr. Grigson to such an outburst of splenetic fury.

Apparently it was my criticisms of the illustrations which chiefly upset him, and more especially my suggestion that he might have included some from Gerarde's Herbal; in this connection I singled out for especial blame the plate of the Foxglove (after Albrecht Meyer) on p. 229, which I consider not only aesthetically displeasing but an extremely poor representation of the plant. If Mr. Grigson will compare this with the two woodcuts of the Foxglove on p. 646 of Gerarde (1st Ed., 1597), he may or may not agree with me that these are in every way superior to that from Fuchs' *De Historia Stirpium*; doubtless he will *not* agree, but such things are, after all, largely a matter of taste, and I fail to see why my own preference in this matter should be castigated by Mr. Grigson as "eminently pretentious." I may add that even I, in my "blindness and ignorance" (I am again quoting Mr. Grigson) was aware that Gerarde's woodcuts were borrowed from another herbal.

Again, Mr. Grigson states that, in his view, the illustrations in Brunfels and Fuchs "have never been equalled or surpassed in the illustration of plants." Blind, ignorant and pretentious I may be, but this strikes me as just downright silly: has Mr. Grigson forgotten (to quote only one example) the magnificent engravings in Curtis's *Flora Londinensis* (1777-91)? As for his angry denial that he admires Gerarde, I can only refer him to his own preface (p. 18) in which, after devoting nearly half a page to defending Gerarde against his detractors, he remarks that the herbal "contributed immensely and perhaps more than any other volume to the love and appreciation of plants in Great Britain"; Gerarde, moreover, is quoted (on Mr. Grigson's own admission) "freely and in preference" to others throughout the book.

JOCELYN BROOKE

Bishopsbourne.

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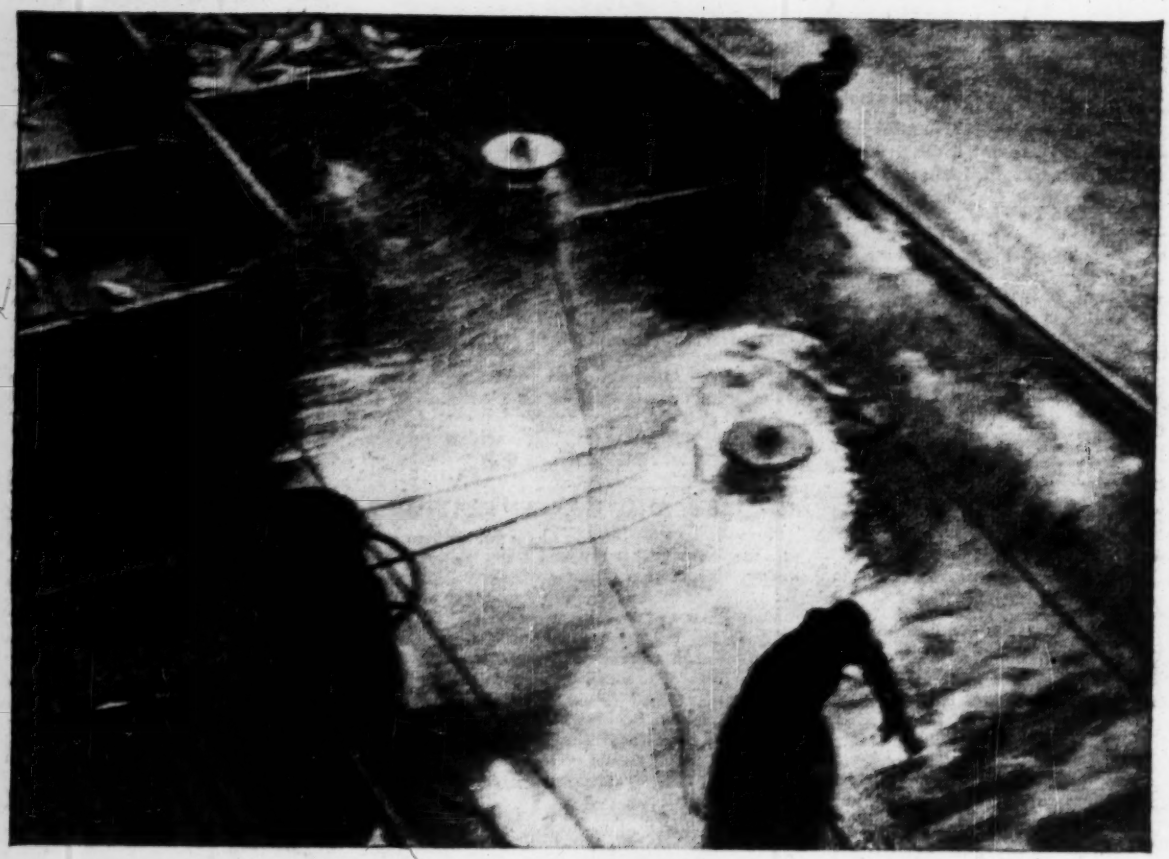

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Roman Paroxysm

STANDING in the apse of St. Peter's before the Cathedral, bathed in the yellow light which falls upon it, the Northern traveller feels an almost physical compulsion towards an attitude which is foreign and impossible to him. He knows an impure exhilaration, and probably an equally physical repulsion, each as unaccustomed as the other. In the Borghese Gallery, in front of Daphne's metamorphosis, watching Bernini ruthlessly make the marble perform, the traveller has the sense of a Grand Guignol whose incidental victims are the æsthetic ideals that he most cherishes. The luxurious spectacle holds a vicious hint that his own culture is an insignificant protestant society for the prevention of something or other. The Northern traveller is, in fact, a wise and lucky man if he knows a half of what he feels about Bernini.

Professor Wittkower takes the bull by the horns. With the aid of a quotation from Henry Moore, he demonstrates shortly on his first page that "truth to material" is no criterion of the value of art. A whole æsthetic, and one that carries tenacious moral connotations, is thus folded up and put away. The alternative, it seems, is to look at Bernini in the light of Bernini's own æsthetic, and the result, as always is illuminating. Does it interpret for us all that can be interpreted of the irrational private essence which contributes a vital meaning, even to this official public art?

Even though we discard our own homespun ideals—Ruskin, the arts and crafts movement and all the rest—the material character and the audacity of the breach with material propriety remain at the root of any impression of Bernini's sculpture. We have a sense of the marvellous: what compels us, first and foremost, is the spectacle of violent and magical transmutation. Marble turns under our eyes into flesh and all the florid material of life. Stone takes colour, the colour of real things. Jasper turns to satin brocade and the brocade itself, billowing towards us, becomes a voluptuous embodiment of everything inviting to the touch, an entrancing physical bridge between us and the saints. Then the reality is transposed into palpable fantasy: bronze turns to gold, and gold into the substance of the angels, into light itself. In one of Bernini's last designs an ocean turns into blood, and the symbol of redemption reminds us how close these fantasies of transmutation were to the mysteries of his faith.

At the other end of the scale, the same physical sense of becoming, of metamorphosis, is the essence of each portrait of a single head. The broad artistic plan which all the technical magic served, was based on a similar principle, a similar flux of incongruities. All the barriers were down. The spectator was involved with the statue: reality was fused with image. Within the image, real existence mixed with apparition. Form itself, the very medium of sculpture, fused into unities that were purely pictorial. And the whole, every material thing, intermingled inextricably with light. Only one other kind of art makes so broad an assault upon the senses, the theatre. The analogy (though Professor Wittkower will have none of it) is inescapable, and Bernini was surely aware of it. He wrote plays, designed them and acted in them, too. Even more indicative is a method which he used in the pursuit of expressiveness: he would put *himself* in the attitude which he intended to give to a figure and have himself drawn by a competent artist. Bernini's whole conception of sculpture, the conception of energetic action seen from a specific viewpoint, gives it the character of a performance. A precise audience is envisaged, and to it the marble performer gives all he has.

This aspect of Bernini's artistic character, the romantic actor-manager side of him, playing with ever more breadth and force on the great Roman stage and directing a troupe of the most brilliant virtuosi in Europe, was the public face of a specific personal cast of thought. The romanticism was profound. Bernini could not repeat or copy; he would not even carve from his own sketches: the unique act of creation was everything to him. He was in fact the first to formulate a characteristic romantic attitude, but the theory of inspiration which underlay it seemed even in his own time a little incongruous. Bernini firmly believed that his art was the work of God, and that he himself was an unworthy vessel, a tool of the divine purpose. Jesuit friends of his like Father Butti viewed the belief with some irony, and it must have sounded oddly from the great man who dominated through sheer personal force the monumental art of Europe. But it was none the less genuine and significant. For Bernini, style was at the disposal of someone, something. It was used. The choice of form and handling at each point, was the choice of whichever device of sensuous embodiment would prove the most compelling. Each of his great works assembled together not only various orders of reality and various materials, but necessarily various orders of form, various "styles," in the traditional sense, whose very incongruity was their meaning. To the gamut of manners of his own invention he added others: at the sublimest point, in the Chapel of the Sacrament, he could appropriate Bramante's invention of a hundred and fifty years earlier, and a likeness of the Tempietto was accordingly installed. The conjunction of styles was the style. In the simplest of the works of Bernini's maturity, even in the subtle incongruity of a single transition, there is a quality of æsthetic unscrupulousness in the overriding pursuit of irresistible emotional impact—a quality which has appeared again in some of the art of our own time. It is a quality which has marked the common art of his Church ever since: as much as any man Bernini made the Reformation æsthetically irretrievable. The force of the result was unparalleled, but it entailed sacrifice. What was disposed of was nothing less than the essential personal consistency of the artist's role, as it prevailed both before Bernini and after him. There are signs that he realised the loss: his admiration for Poussin, the representative in his time of Renaissance consistency, was unbounded, and his tributes have often a hint of mortification.

In Bernini's latest style the incongruities of his method were welded together in a final, personal expression. Physical semblance began to yield to a general paroxysm of form, moving it from within, making visible and real the ecstatic flux. The convulsed, immaterial draperies of these last figures and their pierced locks, woven like a spell about them, act as an incantation that transports them into a general state, an illusive condition on the borders of dreaming. We recognise this mood: it is from the first fundamental to Bernini's sculpture.

The action that Bernini presents—the saints transfixed, Truth unveiled, the martyrs waiting on a cruel grace, the infant agonised under Charity's glance, the prophet led by the forelock—has a common element. A common rule is exercised and suffered, exercised characteristically in a smiling glance. The angelic smile returns, exerting its dominion, again and again in this imagery. It imposes a state of trance-like submission to a beloved tyranny, and submission is a state of bliss, an inward paroxysm of love. In essence the state is universal: the constant inward condition of this sculpture, the imaginative medium even of the most energetic portrait, is the condition into which rhythm transports everything, an ecstatic sensual reverie. Wittkower notices that the mood of one of Bernini's saints, a mood of devotion and humility, was just the mood that the Church expected of the faithful: the analogy embraced the artist himself. What qualified Bernini for his tremendous part was perhaps that the frame of mind of the Catholic restoration was close to a mood which held a private immemorial meaning for him. The force of the angelic smile turned downward on its dreaming subjects is real and human. It inspires both the terrible ecstasy, the perpetual inward paroxysm and sensual flux, and the æsthetic to match it whose overweening pride is in humility. Its rule is that which governs the sculptor himself.

This is not the profoundest kind of consummation that art can offer us. An essential transposition does not take place. Bernini's realm, with all its transcendental themes, remains obstinately of this world. The æsthetic method of this great man seems, looking across the centuries, strangely to involve a diminution of man, just because it disposes of the human value which style holds in itself when its consistency reflects the whole of human nature.

Professor Wittkower has studied the artist for a lifetime: he must have forgotten more about Bernini than most will ever know, and it is an achievement that the gulf should be so seldom evident. The positive temper of his writing, as much as the massive learning, is a continual pleasure: reading it calls to the mind the writer as we know him on the rostrum, carrying great weight but carrying it athletically, rocking gently on the balls of his feet, intelligently and precisely balanced for the utmost responsiveness as he drives his solid argument along. The publishers, never better than when dealing with sculpture, have risen to the occasion with mag-

Gian Lorenzo Bernini. By RUDOLF WITTKOWER. *Phaidon.* 50s.

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The Scholar-Critic

All in Due Time. By HUMPHRY HOUSE. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Humphry House was a scholar and a critic. It is difficult to be both. "To press to the sense of the thing itself with which one is dealing and not to go off on some collateral issue about the thing is the hardest matter in the world," said Arnold, wearied by the egregious argument of Francis Newman, who protested that if Homeric syntax was quaint, obscure and archaic, the translator of the *Iliad* should reproduce these qualities in his verse. Sixty years later Mr. E. M. Forster pinned down the kind of scholar who

> would rather relate a book to the history of its time, to events in the life of the author, to the events it describes, above all to some tendency. As soon as he can use the word "tendency" his spirits rise, and though those of his audience may sink, they often pull out a pencil and make a note, under the belief that a tendency is portable.

Such scholarship is still with us and this collection of broadcasts and essays shows how clearly House recognised its danger. He called for footnotes but a parade of learning displeased him. He praised American scholars for their thoroughness but deplored their dullness and their error in thinking that good English must get between the reader and the subject.. "Our quarrels with the thesis-writers and influence-mongers," he wrote,

> are (1) that the material never has been and was never meant to be worked up into anything else; (2) that they deal in literature without understanding language.

House understood language. He could lay his finger unerringly on the moral weaknesses in *In Memoriam*—weaknesses which appeared in the texture of the verse—while showing the strength of the passages in which Tennyson rises above the vague theme of the whole poem. This feeling for language enabled him to detect a false note in the style of other critics. He could take Mr. G. M. Young to task for being knowing; and by anatomising Lord David Cecil's style he showed that the practice of biography as art could obscure the truth about a man's character.

Nevertheless House's first object was to help the reader to understand a poem or a novel rather than to pass judgment on an artist and his work. He was the enemy of the critic who, instead of exploring the rich variety of Victorian religious experience, used a potted version of Weber's Protestant Ethic and then claimed that the poet or novelist reacted against *that*. At the same time his extraordinary knowledge of the social and literary history of the nineteenth century did not paralyse his powers of discrimination and he had some sharp things to say about those who by their nostalgic and incessant praise of everything Victorian neglected the sound and just criticisms of the age which were made by their immediate descendants. Scholarship to House meant that detachment which historians try to acquire—the desire to see the past as it was and not to judge it in terms of the present: and this quality does not lie easily beside those which the critic employs.

And then scholarship meant discovering the artist's intentions. The artist's life and personality and the society in which he lived had to be examined from every relevant angle to judge his intentions. To criticise Dickens without taking account of the current practice of publishing novels in instalments—a practice which imposed certain limitations and demanded other qualities—was to display lack of judgment. The critic is often concerned with the hidden intentions which lie beneath the surface of the artist's personality and work: House believed that unless the hidden intentions which the critic revealed were pretty securely based upon factual evidence and closely related to the artist's overt intentions, they were likely to be moonshine.

These essays and talks reveal how easily House handled his learning. Here we do not see the precise meticulous research which characterised his edition of Hopkins's notebooks: what we have is the great range of his knowledge of nineteenth-century art, architecture, thought, manners and social history. There is so much to learn—and perhaps it is a relief to see that even House can nod when he describes the 1834 Poor Law as being inspired by the economic principles of Malthus rather than McCulloch. Very fittingly, a good proportion of the essays are on Coleridge, Dickens and Hopkins, to whose understanding he contributed so much; and perhaps they show more of the man himself and the pleasure to be had in reading him than would the volumes of the Dickens letters which he did not live to bring out.

NOEL ANNAN

The Making of a President

Year of Decisions. By HARRY S. TRUMAN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 30*s.*

The preface to Mr. Truman's memoirs is crisply characteristic of the little man who became a great President.

> I should like to record, before it is too late, as much of the story of my occupancy of the White House as I am able to tell. The events as I saw them and as I put them down here I hope may prove helpful in informing some people and in setting others straight on the facts.
>
> I have tried to refrain from hindsight and afterthoughts . . . what I have written here is based upon the circumstances and the facts and my thinking at the time I made the decisions, and not what they might have been as the result of later developments.

These words admirably express the combination of modesty and self-confidence which is the essence of Harry Truman. He is a man who—whether as President or as historian of his own Presidency—accepts the challenge of greatness when it is thrust upon him. Where men of more talent and livelier imagination would hesitate, he decides without affectation to do the best job he can.

The result is a book with none of the tremendous virtues—and tremendous defects—of Sir Winston's *Second World War*. To tell the truth the greater part of *Year of Decisions* makes rather dull reading. We are peering through the dark glass of a ghosted official record. And yet even this official record is inspired by a modest objectivity which Sir Winston's masterpiece conspicuously lacks. Here is a human being who dedicates his book to "the people of all nations" because he is genuinely concerned for them; a politician who cares more for the high office of President than he does about himself in that office.

I would urge readers not to be put off by the greatly overpraised chapters which deal with the first months in the White House. There is nothing in Mr. Truman's uninspiring account of these months which suggests that he took a single decision that was not required of him by the pressures of past policies. Many reviewers, after learning exactly what he did and whom he saw in his first ten days at the White House, have remarked on the unworkability of the American constitution. How fantastic to pile so much power on one man's shoulders, and then to give a nobody the succession if that one man dies! My own conclusion is rather different. I am struck by the smooth continuity with which Roosevelt's policies were carried on during the interregnum when Mr. Truman was a stand-in for the dead Roosevelt, quietly learning the job and waiting for the moment to emerge as President.

That moment occurred on September 6, 1945.

> I sent to the Congress one of the most important messages of my administration. It contained the twenty-one points of domestic legislation which in effect constituted the platform of my administration. This twenty-one-point message marked the beginning of the Fair Deal and September 6, 1945,

is the date that *symbolises for me the date of my assumption of the office of President in my own right.*

It is no accident that at this point *Year of Decisions* suddenly comes alive. The last ninety pages—they cover the railway and coal strikes, the Attlee conversations and the Cabinet conflicts with Byrnes and Wallace—are worth all the rest put together. As soon as he is dealing with the time when he was master in his own house, Mr. Truman masters his historical material. Red blood begins to flow through the body of the record, as a real President replaces the lay figure.

Nevertheless, this is a book which must be studied from the first to the last page. For it is only against the background of the drab first months that Mr. Truman's dimensions as a statesman emerge. He had accepted without criticism—almost with veneration—all of Roosevelt's policies. Very soon they were toppled over by events, and the new President was compelled to make new decisions. On the domestic front the anticipated slump failed to arrive. So the New Deal was gradually replaced by a Keynesian Fair Deal, which gave the United States a full employment economy, never achieved by F.D.R. In foreign affairs the shift was more abrupt—and much more painful. At first Mr. Truman faithfully carried out his old leader's directive. As a long-term policy he trusted blindly in a United Nations controlled by a concert of the Great Powers, including China. In the short term, he set about appeasing Russia in order to insure that Stalin kept his promise to attack Japan three months after VE-day. How naively he clung to this aim he reveals to us when he remarks:

> In preparation for my conference with Churchill and Stalin I was going over in my mind the purposes for which I was travelling to Potsdam. Of course, my immediate purpose was to get the Russians into the war against Japan as soon as possible.

This explains his stubborn refusal to permit his armies either to capture Prague or to retain the vast areas of the Russian Zone they had occupied. It also explains his willingness at Potsdam to tolerate Russian bad faith in the Polish affair and to accept the *fait accompli* of the Oder Neisser line.

It was the unexpected success of the A-bomb which forced him to think for himself. Every American plan had been made on the assumption that the Pacific war would last well into 1946, and that Russian assistance must be obtained—at almost any price—if it were not to last even longer. The price had been duly paid at Yalta. But, in August, 1945, the A-bomb made Russian assistance unnecessary by enforcing an immediate Japanese surrender. Overnight an ally was transformed into a rival for the control of the Pacific.

What would Roosevelt have done in this new, unforeseen crisis? We can only guess. And that was all Mr. Truman could do in the autumn of 1945. Since there was no clear Roosevelt line to follow he had to make his own decision.

Characteristically, he made it in the course of asserting the President's constitutional powers against his Secretary of State. As a distinguished elder statesman, Mr. Byrnes had a contempt for Mr. Truman. During the Moscow Conference in December, 1945, he displayed it only too clearly—by not bothering to consult the White House. On his return to Washington, he telephoned the President that he intended to make a broadcast to the nation. Mr. Truman abruptly forbade this. A few days later he sent for the Secretary of State and read him aloud a long letter which he had just written out in long-hand. In this letter he accused Byrnes of exceeding his powers, and then went on to list a long series of Russian outrages which his Secretary of State had meekly condoned. Mr. Truman concluded with these words:

> Unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language another war is in the making. Only one language do they understand—'how many divisions have you?' I do not think we should play compromise any longer . . . I am tired of babying the Soviets.

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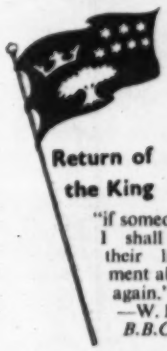

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The date of this remarkable letter is significant. It was on January 5th, 1946, that the new President spelt out the ABC of the Truman doctrine and compelled Mr. Byrnes to learn it. The fact that this extraordinary scene preceded the Fulton Speech by many weeks finally disproves the claim that Mr. Churchill (or Mr. Bevin) persuaded a poor little ignoramus in the White House to stand up to the Russians. It was Harry Truman who, as his first Presidential fiat, set the new course of Containment. At Potsdam he had sat silent under the contemptuous sallies of Stalin and Molotov. Compared with the famous man he replaced, Truman must have seemed a little fellow; and it is not surprising that Stalin decided that it was safe to take liberties with him. But it was the little fellow who took the big decisions after all.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Novels in Translation

Savage Paris. By ÉMILE ZOLA. Translated by DAVID HUGHES and MARIE-JACQUELINE MASON. *Elek.* 15*s.*

The Infant with the Globe. By PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCÓN. Translated by ROBERT GRAVES. *Trianon Press.* 15*s.*

Children of the Game. By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by ROSAMOND LEHMANN. *Harvill Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Translation, like handwriting and home-thrown pottery, might well be regarded as one of the found arts. It has always had its masters; but until recently it was all too often the refuge of the underpaid hack. "*Traduttore, traditore.*" From all quarters, indeed, there echoed the mocking laughter of the bilingual. Some even felt that translation was impossible *per se*: it could never render all the echoing connotations of an author's original words; and the closer the texture of his writing, the more hopeless the task of his translator. But while purists might shudder at the Everyman Dostoievsky, at Bayard Taylor's *Faust*, or at the false grandeur of Mallarmé's Poe, there remained both consolation and hope. In the first place, the problem of translation, of capturing *nuances*, shades off into the general problem of communication: perfection is unobtainable in either. And in the second place, publishers are increasingly entrusting the work of translation to writers whose knowledge of other languages is equalled by their skill in their own. The three translations here are cases in point.

Savage Paris is the rather silly title now given to Zola's *Le Ventre de Paris*, first published in 1873, and hitherto available in England only in Vizetelly's humdrum version, *The Fat and the Thin*. The new title may make some sales to tired businessmen, but it weakens Zola's conception of *les Halles* as the guts of Paris, as well as suggesting too proletarian a setting for this left hook to the midriff of the bourgeoisie. The third in the Rougon-Macquart series of novels, *Le Ventre de Paris* is the first of them to deal with bourgeois life. It describes the vicissitudes of Florent, the escaped political prisoner, a dim and emaciated idealist, arrested by mistake during the '48 revolution, sheltered and finally rejected by the fat, glutted world of the Parisian food-markets, a prey to the plump sly avarice of "decent people." The atmosphere is deliberately stifling: the well-known "symphony of smells," an aesthete's auction-catalogue of the scents of different cheeses, is but one example of the massive sensuous power in Zola's accumulated detail. "I don't know how you manage to live in that kitchen," exclaims a friend of Florent's. "It absolutely stinks in there. When I've been there an hour I feel I've eaten enough to last me three days." So, too, does the reader. With minor lapses, the translators conspire with Zola to make one dislike appetising smells: for "*Un assoupissement de nourriture, un air chargé d'indigestion flottait*" (for instance) they have simply "The air was heavy with slumbering gluttony." Its masterly sweep and succulence make the book a prolonged feast: but with its naive romantic elements, its sterile anti-bourgeois simplicity, and its proto-Freudian undertones, it's not quite one of Zola's triumphs.

The Infant with the Globe is very different—I'd almost said, a very different kettle of fish. This was first published, as *El Niño de la Bola*, in 1882—eight years after its author's better-known *El Sombrero de tres picos, The Three-Cornered Hat*. Like Zola, Alarcón yields to romantic temptation: at one point, he even unwittingly describes the hero of *Le Ventre de Paris*, a pale provincial Byron. But despite the high melodrama of his plot—a kind of Andalusian *Lucia di Lammermoor*—he maintains towards it an attitude of sturdy intelligence. The outward show is impeccable: his hero, part-Moorish, is dashing and handsome: his heroine is breath-taking, and weeps; his odd villains are ugly and unmistakable. What gives the work its unusual air is the subtlety behind these operatic masks—the small touches of human inconsistency, passion, irritated pity, uneasy piety, misplaced pride. One has the impression that the author was beginning to fret within the confines of a profitable convention—an impression heightened by his wilfully broken narrative style. This Robert Graves has rendered into clean and workmanlike English; but the concision of his version, imposed perhaps by the length of the original, is not always an improvement on Alarcón—*e.g.*: "his vigour and grace were manifest" for "*y tan airoso, nervudo y bien formado, que habría podido servir de modelo para la famosa estatua del Gladiador combatiente.*" The general effect is of a tightening and toughening process, making the author's interventions ("We do not know at what point . . .", "To sum up . . .", etc.) a little more intrusive than need be. But this problem arises in most English translations from romance languages; and to produce so exciting and acceptable a twentieth-century version of an unfamiliar *novella* is no mean feat even for Mr. Graves.

Miss Rosamond Lehmann, in undertaking to translate Cocteau, was faced with a still more formidable task. His plays, of course, and his *Diary of a Film*, etc., are quite successful in English, but the translations of his broadcasts have revealed certain limitations; and *Les Enfants Terribles*, with its dry and haunting precision, seems inconceivable in any other language. The difficulty is cultural as well as linguistic. The essence of *Les Enfants Terribles* is the children's last attempt to preserve their private, secret world. Graceful and dangerous, they will raid the official world without scruple, lying, stealing, at last killing, and treating even each other as adults and strangers, quite ruthlessly, if they fear that their complicity is suspect. And all this is a game. With the French children of *Les Enfants Terribles*, the paradox was plausible: indeed, the book became, as Cocteau called it, "*le bréviaire des mythomanes*," who wrote to him in great excitement to announce: "*Nous sommes votre livre!*" Would this be possible in England? Reading the English school-slang which Miss Lehmann seems unnecessarily to foist on Paul and Elisabeth, one fancies not. Cocteau had managed the informality of their speech with spare elegance; and his own succinct style gave a classical directness and simplicity to a very romantic theme. Miss Lehmann has turned the book into fluent and readable English; but her prose is cosy and prolix beside the bareness of Cocteau's and only in the closing scenes rises to Cocteau's height. Elsewhere the children rather resemble a radio family, well-spoken of course, but rude to each other and terribly wild.

Cocteau, long the victim of strangely apt accidents, will find his name on the front flap of the dust-jacket printed as "Jean Couteau."

RICHARD MAYNE

The Backroom View of History

The History of Man. By CARLETON COON. *Cape.* 28*s.*

Within its limits this book is first-rate: probably the best summary of its kind ever to have been written. As I feel I must criticise it strongly, I want to insist on this excellence at the outset. Dr. Coon is a distinguished anthropologist noted as an authority on race. It is not surprising to learn that a popular work of such immense scope took him many years to complete; after a brilliant survey of the emergence of our species and its racial and cultural specialisations he carries on the story of our struggle to dominate the earth in a single fine sweep that brings us down to the present day—and even into the future. The writing is sound and agreeably personal. The trouble lies in thinking that what is in fact a biological, social and technological chronicle can be called *The History of Man*.

A good many years ago Professor Childe published a remarkable book, *What Happened in History*. He was well known as a materialist interpreter of history, and this title was everywhere recognised as an amusing gesture of defiance, a snook being cocked at the old historical tradition that liked to ignore economics, technology and the common people. It was, in short, a prehistorian's contribution to that necessary redressing of the balance of history which had long been in progress. Dr. Coon is not writing in at all this spirit, but evidently intends to give a properly weighed account of "the main events of human history".

That is why it shocks me so much to find how small a value he seems to attach to the non-utilitarian aspect of our mental life—above all to the creative imagination. There is almost no indication of the rise and fall of cultures, or that certain peoples have made extraordinary gifts to our cultural inheritance. There is no mention of Italian painting and sculpture, of English poetry, of German music or French intelligence; nothing to suggest that Florence, Paris or London could

Occasion of Glory

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'Excellent, and funny too.' *Stevie Smith* in the OBSERVER 13s. 6d.

The Day of the Fox NORMAN LEWIS

'Mr. Lewis chooses a Spanish fishing village for his background, and the perceptive traveller blends smoothly with the novelist in setting the scene . . . the village is as clear to the eye as the inhabitants are to the mind; a small novel written with economy and of more than transient value.' THE TIMES 12s. 6d.

both prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

have made nobler monuments to human "progress" than Birmingham or Detroit. Christendom, the Renaissance, the British Commonwealth are united by their total neglect. The index contains the names of Will Adams, Arkwright, Coster, Goodyear, Morse, Newcomen and Watt, but not of Beethoven, Copernicus, Dante, Darwin, Newton, Shakespeare, da Vinci or Voltaire. The whole course of human existence is described as though it had been a sensibly planned campaign of rational progress. We advance bravely from cave dwellings to the latest all-gadget home and "the disappearance of servants that has given families greater privacy". The last sentence in the book expresses faith that man "will move forward according to schedule".

Now if Dr. Coon were deliberately writing a history of "a unique bipedal organism" "in the terms of the conversion of energy into social structure" and nothing else it would be folly to oppose him. But he is not; he twice censures materialism, and I chance to know that he was pained and astounded when another reviewer very gently suggested he had neglected the spiritual aspect of life. Again, although his portrait of humanity is small and complacent, the general tone of his book is not so at all; among his thoughts about the future he slips in the hope, evidently close to his own heart but in complete conflict with the main line of the book, that we shall try to reduce our numbers and return closer to nature.

I think that this unconscious backroom, utilitarian approach to history must be challenged; if its truth begins to be assumed it will help to produce the kind of state which pours out money on machines and ministries while starving its art galleries and museums; the kind of society that runs after every novelty while letting its artists and thinkers rot; the kind of individual who will buy a gadget before a book, a Cadillac before a civilised home. It is particularly worth challenging at the present time when there are signs that western man is beginning to be disenchanted with Admass, with the production and pay-packet outlook of the machine world. He needs a true picture of the past as well as his own experience to help him in his decision. The invention of the wheel and the coking oven are important, certainly, but it is the mind and imagination that offer him riches from every age of the last fifty thousand years.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Flies in Amber

Confessions of a Nihilist. By ERIC SIEPMANN. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Passionate Years. By CARESSE CROSBY. *Alvin Redman.* 21*s.*

Is She a Lady? By NINA HAMNETT. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Privileged Persons. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Richards Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of the traumatic experiences of middle age is the discovery that the period of your youth has become embalmed in time. It may come quite suddenly. A snatch of overheard conversation, a reference to *The Boy Friend*, and you realise that, just as the 1890s were to you in the 1920s, so the 1920s are to the young today. To them, the cloche hat is as the feather-boa in the photograph album was to you in, say, 1926.

What the cloche hat is to you, now, is a problem on the borderline of metaphysics and gerontology with which none of the authors of these mainly autobiographical books are concerned. All four convey a strong period sense. Mr. Siepmann's is perhaps the most familiar; its index, if it had one—for Mr. Gollancz has apparently lost his faith in indexes—would be a rich memorial roll of flies in amber.

Son of the famous modern-language master, author of the grammars (he left £80,000), his is a not uncommon case-history of the literary intellectual with Bohemian urges too strong to allow him to settle down to a career. Analyse the urges and you may find signs of an underlying religious temperament. Mr. Siepmann, having survived his twenties, including a close friendship with Basil Murray, has started on his second half century with the help of a happy marriage and a Christian conversion. In between, you get holidays from Winchester with the Asquiths at the Wharf; New College when Sir Maurice Bowra was an undergraduate; the fringes of the stage and films and a passionate but hopeless marriage; journalism in London, New York, Paris and Geneva; Torremolinos in 1936; Munich; the war at the M.o.I. and in the Middle East. It is all quite interesting, quite lively and makes an impression of an agreeable, friendly, rather naively egotistical person who is very pleased at having grown up at last. Has he had to simplify himself in the process? Or was some of his seeming complexity due to chance—miscasting, an unsuitable environment? His writing is uneven. Most of it, though distinctly readable, is not that of a natural writer; but the description of New York in the 20's where his life was exceptionally feverish, is first-class.

Is She a Lady? is rather more disjointed than Miss Hamnett's earlier autobiographical book, *Laughing Torso*, but it somehow manages to achieve an effect of continuous present. The period covered is, roughly, from 1925 until the end of the war, with grasshopper leaps backwards and forward. The zestful humanism displayed is most heartening. Miss Hamnett has a time-defying capacity for absorption in the moment; she would make a splendid Abbess for a Zen Buddhist nunnery. Her method is anectodal and you never know what you will get next, a string of names of higher Bohemian celebrities at a private view, or a gruesome hospital story:

> One Saturday evening, in visiting hours, an awful drunken son appeared. He had a red handkerchief tied round his neck and a cap. He brought his wife who looked just as bad as he did. He went at once to her locker and took everything out and removed her money. When she protested he simply said: "Shut up." The nurse was not there. I heard the poor old thing say the next day: "'E shouldn't 'ave taken my money."

This is the kind of story you might expect to find in the Goncourt journals, which Miss Hamnett's "diary," had it been as sedulously written-up, might well have emulated. As it is, she writes so well at times that you feel almost cross with her for not writing more. Ireland seems to suit her particular form of bibulous benevolence as well as anywhere:

> . . . into Galway and found a most charming old dentist, who took two or three upper teeth out. I need not have been in such a funk: it was really a pleasure, he was such an old darling.
>
> He then said: "Miss Hamnett, if it is a question of disinfectant, I should swill your gums out with some Irish whiskey. . . ."

Mrs. Crosby is one of those vivacious American well-to-do Bohemian camp-followers who disarm you by being natural and simple and unpretentious, just when you expect they are going to be arty and affected. She was married to a poet who committed suicide in 1929. They ran a press in Paris and met everybody: Joyce, Hemingway, Dali, D. H. Lawrence. They also travelled in the Middle East. Mrs. Crosby rattles on about it in an utterly harmless, only moderately informative but pleasant book.

Mr. Golding's *Privileged Persons*, rooted in the Twenties, is a collection of sketches, most of which are fiction, or demi-fiction, merging into managed autobiography. Some of them may seem to suffer, slightly, from being written to illustrate a political theme rather than as character studies, but the settings are neat and include such forgotten but significant stamping grounds from the early Twenties as "The 1917 Club" and "The Cave of Harmony." There is an agreeable reminiscence of Norman Douglas.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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HEINEMANN

Avast, Belay!

Outcast. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Land the Ravens Found. By NAOMI MITCHISON. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Viking's Dawn. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Hounds of the King. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Dragon and the Rose. By DAVID SCOTT DANIELL. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Ferdinand Magellan. By RONALD WELCH. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

He Went with Drake. By PETER DAWLISH. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Exiles Come Home. By WINEFRIDE NOLAN. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Valiant Sailor. By C. FOX SMITH. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The first book on this list opens with the wreck of a Roman merchant vessel; the last ends with a privateer of the Napoleonic wars docking in Liverpool. There is indeed a boom in shipping this year in historical books for children: Roman galleys, Viking longships and the first two circumnavigations of the globe provide themes for five of the authors. There is another less agreeable trend. Children will encounter some very tough characters in these books. "Beric saw the man's brutal face upturned, and he ground his wrist-iron into it—that was an ugly trick learned on the rowing-benches." This incident comes from the first book. From the last there is this: "The mate, poor fellow, was in a pretty bad way, on account of my father having banged his head with such a will on the iron floor." Violence, treachery and peculiarly brutal horse-play characterise the Vikings and housecarles of whom Mr. Treece writes; and readers of these books may well echo the question asked by the boy who went with Drake—"Is it that I am weak-stomached, or that I am among fiends without heart or mercy?"

Rosemary Sutcliff's earlier books have been always attractive and sometimes distinguished. *Outcast*, intended for the older children, is a vividly written story of the son of a Roman soldier, the only survivor from a wreck on the coast of Britain. Its theme is endurance. Beric is rejected by the tribe after fifteen years with his adopted people; then kidnapped by a Roman slave-dealer, sold into service with a Roman family and escapes only to be condemned to the galleys. Thrown overboard after a flogging he is cast up on the coast of Britain for a second time, to find a home and freedom with a Roman engineer engaged upon draining Romney Marsh. Although Miss Sutcliff knows how to handle incident, dialogue and atmosphere, this book is perhaps too sombre in tone for the sensitive child and too ornate in style for the tough.

In *The Land the Ravens Found* Naomi Mitchison writes of a Viking household in Caithness which took part in the colonisation of Iceland. Mrs. Mitchison writes in a beautifully simple, clear-cut and quietly compelling way. Younger children will enjoy the story and the descriptions of building the longship, of the voyage and of the making of the settlement in Iceland. Older children will also appreciate the treatment of the personal rivalries, the conflict of paganism and Christianity and the dominating personality of the grandmother who planned and directed the move to Iceland. Mrs. Mitchison has fused her knowledge of the sagas with imagination and literary skill to produce a book of real distinction.

Viking's Dawn is set in a slightly earlier period and deals with the voyage of a longship round the north coast of Scotland. But here plunder and piracy, not colonisation, are the objects of the voyage and the leader is a berserk. It is a grim story, told with great competence. Mr. Treece manages both dialogue and episode in an effectively dramatic way; but though his story will keep his readers interested it is unlikely to enlist their sympathies. The same author's *Hounds of the King* exhibits the same qualities, but is less successful. Opening in the reign of Edward the Confessor and ending with the Battle of Hastings, this is the story of a Saxon boy who becomes a housecarle, devoted to the cause of Earl Harold. Apparently Mr. Treece means his readers to admire the housecarles and their loyalty to Harold; but they emerge from his pages as an unpleasant group of dedicated ruffians, the S.S. of the eleventh century.

David Scott Daniell's *The Dragon and the Rose* is less an historical novel than an adventure story with a Shakespearean plot set in Renaissance Italy. An artist's apprentice is involved in rescuing a wronged princess and her inheritance from a wicked uncle. Poisoned rings, a lost deed, a dancing bear, an Italian Robin Hood and a jewel which proves the hero to be the princess's twin brother are some of the ingredients in this story of exciting adventures and escapes. It could easily degenerate into pastiche; but Mr. Daniell keeps the story moving very rapidly, writes with an infectious gaiety and is most successful in combining comedy with adventure.

Ronald Welch, who has written two first-class historical novels for children, now gives us a straight biography of Magellan. It is a model of clarity, care and restraint, particularly effective in relating the voyage to the geographical knowledge and speculations of the day. But Mr. Welch's scrupulous refusal to go beyond the evidence makes this a rather austere account, for, as he says, the sources do not supply "any of those vivid little details which would make Magellan a living person to us."

Peter Dawlish allows himself more freedom in *He Went with Drake*, an account of Drake's circumnavigation as seen by two boys who sailed with him. It is impossible to make this dull, and the author knows his subject. He has chosen to give dramatic unity to the book by making Doughty's treachery the main theme and ends with Drake only half-way round the globe. Sometimes the writing is hackneyed: oaths are hot, eyes dark with passion and waters are cleft. But the details of ships and navigation are admirably described.

Exiles Come Home is a sequel to *Rich Inheritance*. It is a pleasantly written story of Catholic missionary priests in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century, closing with the Gunpowder Plot. It is a little saccharine in flavour and sometimes too self-conscious a period piece. But Miss Nolan writes in a fair and charitable temper and does not follow her co-religionist, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, in comparing England at this period with Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia.

The Valiant Sailor is a robust adventure story of privateering in the Napoleonic wars. Miss Fox Smith is an expert on ships and a practised writer of sea stories. The ingredients are conventional: mutiny at sea, sunken treasure, a French prison, escape and triumph over the villains. Boys who like this mixture will find this an excellent story.

J. O. PRESTWICH

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Strawberry Fair

The Merry-Go-Round. Chosen by JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There are a number of very good anthologies of children's verse on the market, but most of them are intended for the older rather than the younger child. Mr. Reeves has aimed *The Merry-Go-Round* at the 7-12-year-olds, with three-quarters of the book devoted to the earlier age-groups in this range. My own three children range from three to six, and I have found many rhymes in *The Merry-Go-Round* that they like. Very young children like strong rhymes and jingles, incantations, cumulative poems with refrains. They like fantasy and nonsense so long as the outlines are bold and clear; story poems so long as they are simple; riddles, if the answers are easy enough (strawberries in the sea equals red herrings in the wood); poems about animals, about fairies, and about sufficiently eccentric humans. Mr. Reeves has found suitable material in nursery rhymes, ballads, folk songs, lullabies, carols, fables, the Psalms, and in the work of Shakespeare, Herrick, Swift, Coleridge, Christina Rossetti, and, among living poets, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Graves, and Mr. E. E. Cummings.

Among the nursery rhymes chosen by Mr. Reeves there are some delightful ones, little known, or at least new to me, like *The Tidy Wife*, *Jenny Gray*, and *Pippin Hill*. There are dozens of poems about animals, including such delightful fables as *The Frog and the Mouse* and *Kitty Alone*. (The frog invariably is a gay lover, wooing a mouse, facing up to Uncle Rat, and usually being eaten by a crow or a duck.) There are plenty of poems with animal noises, which children enjoy, and one or two beautifully precise descriptive ones, like Mr. de la Mare's *Quack*, and his *Nicholas Nye*, about a donkey. For delicious inconsequentiality nothing could better Mr. Graves's poem about the six badgers with white wands in their hands who stand around the farmer to tell him his dinner is ready. Midlands, Northumberland, Lancashire, Durham, and, of course, Scotland supply many folk-rhymes and ballads. Lear's *The Quangle Wangle's Hat* deserves to be as popular as *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*. Mr. E. E. Cummings contributes an eerie tenuous piece—it failed to arrest my nursery's attention—called *Hist Whist Ghostthings*. The section for older children creams off some of the best lyrics of Shakespeare and Blake, and includes a delicate, witty poem by Vachel Lindsay called *The King of the Golden Butterflies*. This is a good anthology. Mr. John Mackay's illustrations are amusing without being coy; and the type is large and clear.

EILEEN FRASER

City Lights

Helios v. Boreas

Heraclitus, glancing casually at the recent course of Stock Exchange prices, might easily suppose he had found further evidence for the universal principle of balance between opposing forces. But he would not be altogether right. There is a temporary and reluctant equilibrium, no more. Æsop would be more to the point with his fable of the sun and the north wind, one trying to make the traveller take off his cloak, the other trying to make him wrap it more closely round him. While one promises to warm, the other threatens to chill him, the undecided traveller can only leave his cloak uncomfortably where it is, watching with unusual curiosity the myriads of tiny winds which ruffle its folds one way or another.

The pattern of these surface breezes has not become any more regular in the past week. The gilt-edged market was able to draw some temporary encouragement from the technical success of the Liverpool loan; but since this success was barely achieved after quite unusual efforts, its influence was soon outweighed by the thought of the other local authority issues which are still to come. In markets generally, sentiment has been affected by the Middle East situation, the precarious state of Wall Street, the apparent emergence of danger-signs in the motor industry, and the widening of the trade gap in November. Industrial markets on the whole, however, have been reasonably firm, largely as a result of good company announcements.

Two of these are worth a special mention. Royal Dutch-Shell, the Anglo-Dutch oil partnership, has announced unchanged interim dividends. There was nothing particularly exciting about this, and some disappointment was felt that no scrip issue was forthcoming. The interest lay in the third-quarter's profit figures; these are much the best of the year so far—last year the third-quarter figures were the lowest—and must have been helped to some extent by the increase in fuel oil prices announced in the middle of the period. The fourth-quarter figures, on this basis, should be better still, the group's net income for the year should be very much improved, and the fear of falling profit-margins proved illusory.

The Hawker-Siddeley results were quite unequivocally encouraging for the market. The group's net trading profit has jumped nearly one-third to £11½m, the dividend has been raised from the equivalent of 10½ to 17½ per cent., and even at this higher level it is still nearly five times covered by equity earnings. Subject to consent, there is to be a 1-for-1 scrip issue, a step which will inevitably be taken as a pointer to a further increase in dividend next year. Fighter aircraft, particularly the Hunter, have been mainly responsible for Hawker's profits this year. As the military emphasis switches to guided missiles the group is diversifying its interests. Most significantly, perhaps, it is rapidly expanding its Canadian interests, an investment now believed to amount to £50m. At some time or other, Canadian investors may be allowed to take a direct interest in this organisation.

* * *

The offer for sale to the public of the Consett Iron Company was advertised on Tuesday; judging by the demand for prospectuses it will be stagged heavily. It was the announcement of doubled profits by Consett which started off the rise in steel shares a week or two ago. The prospectus now makes it clear that the rise in profits should continue, and its estimate for 1955/6 of £2¼m is very probably too low; underestimation of future profits has been a remarkable feature of the steel denationalisation offers. Even on this basis, however, the 7½ per cent. dividend forecast offers a 5⅞ per cent. yield at the issue price of 25/6 for the £1 shares. How cheap the shares may be at this price is a matter of more interest to the long-term investor than to the mass of eager stags; these are actuated more by the issue success of previous steel offers and the high profits now being reported by denationalised companies (the Dorman Long result was timed for the day before the Consett offer). From a more general point of view, the £12¼m being raised by the issue—though £7¼m will not be called until February—is one more addition to the continuing drain on the resources of the capital market.

* * *

The November trade figures were undoubtedly somewhat disappointing, as the Chancellor was ready to admit. Exports fell slightly, imports rose slightly. The result was a visible trade gap back to £70m, after being held at £50m for the previous two months. Exports to the U.S. and Canada both fell somewhat from their extraordinarily high level in October. Nothing very much can be made of one month's figures. They do, however, tend to reinforce the view that exports are too low to pay for the imports made necessary by the present level of production. The full returns will show just where the renewed rise in imports has taken place.

Meanwhile the quarterly analysis of bank advances prepared by the British Bankers' Association shows that most of the reduction so far achieved—£137m out of £235m—has come from overdraft repayments by nationalised industries and local authorities. Over the rest of the economy, the reduction has been spread unevenly, the greatest impact being felt in the most obvious sections—private persons, stockbrokers, hire-purchase companies. The textile industry, too, now forced to borrow extensively to finance stocks, has suffered extremely severely. Most other sections have experienced only moderate declines; some have even increased their borrowing further.

It is clear that the banks have already squeezed the obvious candidates hard. The freeze on new advances to industry has already slowed down the pace of the boom considerably. An intensification of the squeeze would be an important policy decision calling for a new and clear directive.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,347

The usual prizes are offered for a translation into English verse of Verlaine's *Bruxelles*:

La fuite est verdâtre et rose
Des collines et des rampes,
Dans un demi-jour de lampes
Qui vient brouiller toute chose.

L'or, sur les humbles abîmes,
Tout doucement s'ensangliante,
Des petits arbres sans cimes,
Où quelque oiseau faible chante.

Triste à peine tant s'effacent
Ces apparences d'automne,
Toutes mes langueurs rêvassent,
Que berce l'air monotone.

Entries by Wednesday, December 28.

Result of No. 1,344

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for a rhymed couplet for the collar of a celebrity's pet dog.

Report

Mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound—they were all here, and curs of low degree as well. Indeed, if Lady Docker really owned all the cocker spaniels wished on her, she could hold a Cruft's Show all on her own. Popular too was Miss Nancy Mitford's "U" dog, while Her Majesty the Queen's Corgi, Gilbert Harding's pet (trained to bark, if not to bite) and Frances Day's dog ("every dog must have its Day") made frequent appearances.

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HARRISONS & CROSFIELD

GROUP PROFITS MAINTAINED.

The forty-seventh annual general meeting of Harrisons and Crosfield, Ltd., was held on December 12 in London.

Sir Eric Miller, the chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—The fact that our Group profits for the year under review are much on a par with those earned in the previous year might suggest to the uninitiated that we are merely pursuing the even tenor of a prosaic way. This is, however, far from being the case; the explanation is to be found in the diversification of our interests, brought about over the years as a deliberate act of policy.

Our Group trading turnover exceeded £50,000,000, apart altogether from the large volume of produce which we market for our Plantation Companies and the general merchandise which we handle as Agents. The figure I have just given you will, I trust, make it clear, once and for all, that Harrisons & Crosfield are, first and foremost, Merchants. Nevertheless they continue to give wholehearted attention to the interests of the Eastern plantation companies, which they have done so much to foster, and which are the result of the pioneering flair of our predecessors, backed by the readiness of the British public to venture some of its money in tropical agriculture under responsible management.

TEA AND RUBBER

Northern India's out-turn of tea in 1955 will probably be between 515 and 520 million lb. compared with 512 million lb. in 1954. South Indian production is not likely to show substantial change from last year's figure of 128.5 million lb. but Ceylon may produce about 15 million lb. more than last year's 567 million lb. On the other hand Indonesian production is estimated at 15 million lb. less than in 1954. Available world supplies are therefore not likely to show great variation from the 1954 figures, which showed an excess supply of 40 millions.

There may well be a further strengthening of prices in London during the next few weeks, but there is a lot of tea still to come forward from India which should have a steadying influence and prevent any undue rise in prices.

Available supplies of Natural rubber and Synthetics are likely to remain barely sufficient to cover essential requirements, and any urgent orders for near delivery may have a disproportionate effect on the price. There is general agreement that more fireworks in the market would be highly detrimental to the best interests of the Industry. This consideration, in my opinion, far outweighs any temporary financial benefit accruing to the Governments of the Eastern producing countries through the penal taxation which they are exacting.

U.S. output of automobiles and trucks in 1955 has far exceeded expectations and will establish an all-time record of some 8 million vehicles. Less spectacular but impressive growth is being recorded in the rest of the World, and the fact that road construction is lagging far behind current needs seems to be of no immediate effect.

The output of Synthetics can be increased more speedily than that of Natural rubber, but Natural is still essential to the industry and it behoves the Estates to proceed steadily with their replanting programme so that they may be able to hold their own in any competition which the Synthetics put up.

BRITAIN'S ACHIEVEMENT

After the first World War we in this business welcomed back our returning warriors and for a short spell retained also the temporary staff in developing a new but over-elaborate system for running the business, which involved much paper work. In the ensuing depression necessity caused us to cut all paper work to bare essentials, as a result of which we gained enormously in efficiency. So would the whole country if another Geddes team were given the power to modernise the machinery of central and local government on lines which the urge for survival is forcing our larger manufacturing concerns to adopt in this highly competitive world. With drastic economy in all non-essential expenditure we would be in a position to bring our defences up to adequate strength and thus enhance the respect in which we should be held throughout the World.

The consent of the Treasury having been received, it is proposed to convene meetings of shareholders at an early date, for the purpose of passing the necessary resolutions to make a free scrip issue, as Capitalisation of Reserves, of 500,000 fully paid Deferred Ordinary shares of £1 to the holders of that Stock in the proportion of one New Share for every £2 of Stock held.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Oddly enough Sir Winston's poodle was missing, although more than one competitor presented him with a bull-dog.

Discarding most of the variants on the above themes and firmly rejecting all libellous entries—for what dog-owner would vilify himself?—I recommend that the entries starred below be each awarded half-a-guinea. The best of the near-misses are also printed.

*Diana's hound with muddied paws
Adept at keeping " wolves " from Dors.
ERNEST YOUNG

*Wilfred Pickles owns me—so
Each lamp-post bids me have a go.
VERA TELFER

*I am Sir Mortimer Wheeler's pup:
I bury old bones, he digs 'em up.
E. TIMPERLEY

*A dog of Waugh, take care you treat me right;
Peers, I dislike; and Protestants—I bite.
JOHN LEVITT

*Dog to Sitwell (Edith)
Who findeth, feedeth, leadeth, cedeth.
ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Nancy Mitford's dog
*Avaunt, you cur, and cringe rebuffed,
You are not C (the Upper-Cruft).
G. W. VAUGHAN-HUGHES

Taxy's my name, Rab Butler's terrier.
Bring out your bones, the more the merrier.
LITTLE BILLEE

Arthur Askey's dog
At Arthur's Court I've rank and state,
The dignity of first playmate.
R. ELSWORTH

*I am Miss Monroe's Beauty; this, at least,
Will stagger those who think I am a beast.
G. J. BLUNDELL

A Foreign Office Official's bloodhound
*Do not distort; I'm nosing out the gen.
I'm off to see a dog about two men.
JEREMIAH STUKELEY

*My stomach's inside out, my nerves to hell,
I'm Pavlov's dog. Just ring a bell.
RACHEL TAVRIGER

Molotov's pet pug
Though oft my " flag " doth welcome show,
It matters nought—my name's still " No."
SGOBBONE

I am a Palace dog; my union card
Permits me when I choose to bite a Guard.
E. P. WHITE

*I am Gilbert Murray's Peke,
I fear I only bark in Greek.
EDWARD BLISHEN

I'm Winston Churchill's dog, Sir. Pray
What did you do in *your* day?
LAKON

Guard your ankles, you who mock her.
I'm lady-dog to Lady Docker.
G. W. VAUGHAN-HUGHES

I belong to Ike,
Pat me if you like.
ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

For Chesterton's " Quoodle "
*G.K. is mine, and I am his:
He's noseless—and he knows he is.
E. W. FORDHAM

*I learned my moral code from Mrs. Knight:
Oh thank your God it taught me not to bite!
J. R. TILL

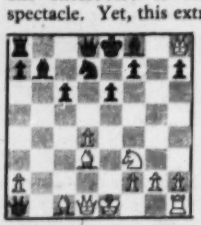
*My Momma's a bloodhound. My Pop went away.
I live with James Thurber. I never look gay.
JUNE MERCER LANGFIELD

T. S. Eliot's dog
*Stranger! Approach this dog with gravity;
His father is my cat, Macavity.
R. W. SIMPSON

The Chess Board

No. 324 First Come First Served

To see four Queens throwing their weight about on one chessboard is certainly a rare and awesome spectacle. Yet, this extraordinary position came about in a perfectly ordinary way, like this: (1) P-Q4, P-Q4, (2) P-QB4, P-K3, (3) Kt-KB3 P-QB3, (4) P-K3, Kt-KB3, (5) Kt-QB3, QKt-Q2, (6) B-Q3, P x P, (7) B x P, P-QKt4, (8) B-Q3, B-Kt2, (9) P-K4, P-Kt5, (10) P-K5?, P x Kt, (11) P x Kt, P x KtP, (12) P x P, P x R(Q), (13) P x R(Q). White's only blunder was his 10th, whereafter Black's new Q came in first, and that made all the difference in exploiting so much additional power for a speedy conclusion:



(13)	Q-R4 ch	(19) K-B2	Q x RP ch
(14) Kt-Q2	Q(4)-B6	(20) B-Kt2	R-Kt1
(15) K-K2	Kt-B4!	(21) Q-R1	R x B ch
(16) Q x RP	Kt x B	(22) Q x R	B-Q6 ch
(17) Q x Kt	Q x Q ch	(23) K-B3	B-Kt5 ch
(18) K x Q	B-QR3 ch	(24) Q x B	Q-B7 mate

This was Johannsson-Nillson, Amsterdam 1954, but a few months later, in Paris, Tartakower had the same position and an even quicker win after (13) . . . Q-R4 ch, (14) K-K2, B-QR3, (15) Q x RP, Kt-B3, (16) Q-KR4, Q(8) x RP ch, (17) K-B1, Q(4)-R5!, (18) Q-K2, Q x Q ch, (19) K x Q, Q-B7 ch., etc. I found this amusing coincidence in Alfred Brinckmann's *Matt in 20 Zügen* (*de Gruyter & Co.*, Berlin 1955, DM.6.80), an entertaining collection of brevities with very readable and instructive hints, pointers, and annotations. Here—Makarczyk-Sliva, Cracow, 1954—is one of the author's favourites, and I cannot but commend his taste.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(13) Q-K3	B-Kt5!
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(14) P-R3	Q-Q2!
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(15) B-Q2(best)	QR-Q1
(4) Q-B2	Kt-B3	(16) B-B3	Kt x B
(5) Kt-B3	P-Q3	(17) Q x Kt	B-B6!
(6) P-QR3	B x Kt ch	(18) R-KKt1	R-K5!
(7) Q x B	O-O	(19) P-Kt3	R(5)-Q5
(8) P-KKt3? (P-QKt4!)	P-K4!	(20) Q-B1	R-Q7!
(9) P x P	P x P	(21) P-KKt4	Q-Q5
(10) Kt x P	Kt x Kt	(22) R-Kt1	R-Q8 ch!
(11) Q x Kt	R-K1	(23) Q x R	Q-B6 ch
(12) Q-B3	Kt-K5	(24) resigns.	

Considering that almost all the 70 brevities of this collection are very recent vintage it seems all the more significant that 22 of them were won by Black.

A: Fox 1901

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the win very brilliantly. How? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively) are both draws.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 28.

B: F. Simchovitch 1924

C: P. N. Jljin 1947

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 321. Set November 26

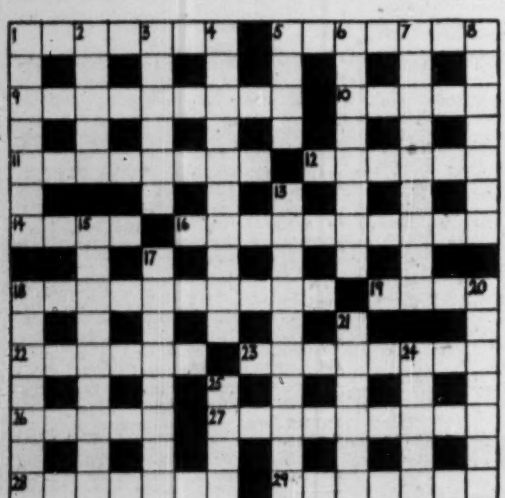
A: (1) P-Q4?, Q-Kt7 ch, (2) RxQ, Kt-R6 mate.
B: (1) R-B8, Q-R6, (2) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Kt3, (3) R-Kt8 ch, K-B4, (4) R-Kt5 ch, K-Q3, (5) R-Q5 ch, K-K2, (6) R-QR5, etc.
C: *Key*: Q-QB3 if (1) . . . K-K3, (2) Q-B8 ch, etc., if (1) . . . K-K5, (2) Q-B2 ch, etc., if (1) . . . K-Kt3, (2) Q-KB6 ch, etc.

Some stumped by the 3-mover. Even so, masses of correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Bridle, G. S. Davidson, F. Jaeck, A. E. Harris, W. T. Maccall, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 183

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 183, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 27.



ACROSS

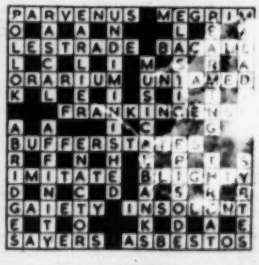
1. Indian woman in with a skull (7).
5. The fish had to go into a landing place (7).
9. Women with hidden secrets at heart (9).
10. The spirit of the age is too materialistic (5).
11. Monster which may be the result of atom ruin distortion (8).
12. He is not the owner but sees changes after the start of legal proceedings (6).
14. " Dumb as a —— with a hole in it," said Sam (4).
16. Moist rolls kneaded into shape in pantries (10).
18. This fruit reveals one way in which one may find women alter (10).
19. Inch which may cover a large area (4).
22. It is most unusual for the sun to stop moving (6).
23. " Languages are the —— of nations " (Johnson) (8).
26. Figure which must be reversed at the end of the account (5).
27. Goddess atrophied by metamorphosis (9).
28. Hates the negro trials? (7).
29. The foulest have their position established (7).

DOWN

1. Insisted on the medical being rearranged (7).
2. The place to give a performance on (5).
3. Imagine one is in the side at every match (6).
4. A cause of disease, there is nothing beneath it in religious buildings (10).
5. The Spartan governor has lost an arm for the enemy (4).
6. " Comparisons are odorous," he said (8).
7. These are not included in errands of love (9).
8. Little animals—a number are found among the clothes (7).
13. The singer to win his girl completely (10).
15. The farthest away have the biggest say (9).
17. The students are half the opposite of a slave, but half belong to a woman (8).
18. Yarn for the defeated (7).
20. Woman above every one else in height (7).
21. Grumble about in an old language (6).
24. Rear is in an upturned part of the body (5).
25. Fish for experts (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 181



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 181

A. White (*Birmingham*), *I. G. Anderson* (*Glasgow*), *G. A. Coulson* (*London, S.W.5*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Head of the School of Social Studies to begin duties on October 1, 1956 or as soon thereafter as possible. Salary not less than £1,900 a year with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by January 14, 1956.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Anthropology. Candidates should have field experience in studies of industry. Salary on a scale £650-£1,350 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than January 20, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ST. MARY'S Hospital, W.2. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the appointment of a part-time Clinical Senior Psychologist for three sessions per week, two at St. Mary's Hospital (Tuesday mornings and the second by arrangement), and one at Paddington Green Children's Hospital (Tuesday afternoon). Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Scale. Applications giving details of present and previous appointments together with the names of 3 referees, should be forwarded to Alan Powditch, House Governor, within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

BOROUGH of Swindon. Appointment of Neighbourhood Worker. Social Development Section. Applications are invited for the post of Neighbourhood Worker in the Social Development Section of the Town Clerk's Department. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. II of the National Scales (£560—£640). A Social Development Section has been set up to meet the social problems arising from the expansion of Swindon under the Town Development Act, 1952, and in particular to meet the need to integrate incoming population with the existing community. The successful applicant will be required to reside on a new estate and will be expected to establish contact with incoming tenants, assist in meeting problems of adjustment, encourage the development of social activities, etc. Applicants must have a recognised Social Science qualification, be not less than 30 years of age, and have had considerable experience in the field of social work. Applications, on forms obtainable from the Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon, must be returned not later than January 2, 1956.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Senior Children's Visitor (Woman). Applications are invited for the above post, Grade A.P.T. II £560-£640, from persons having a Degree or Social Science Diploma, capable organiser, and ability to control staff. N.J.C. Conditions of Service; Superannuable post; medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries), copies of testimonials and the names of two referees, to be sent to the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield 1, within 7 days.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the following appointments at a Home in the Group for psychotic and grossly maladjusted children aged 3-10 years falling vacant February or March, 1956, owing to staff leaving to take up further training: House Mother, S.R.N.; House Mother; Junior Assistant House Mother. Main essentials are common sense, patience and gaiety. Early applications are advisable and should be addressed to the Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, stating age, qualifications, experience and naming two referees.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the new non-resident post of Residential Homes Supervisor to commence duties as soon as possible. Candidates should be of good education and should hold a specific academic qualification in Child Care, Education or Social Welfare. Duties will be to visit and report on Children's Homes and Hostels for which the Committee are responsible, to deal with the practical administration of these establishments, and to advise the Children's Officer on policy connected with them. The person appointed will supervise a staff of approximately 60 persons of diverse qualifications and training backgrounds. It is essential that the person appointed should have had sound experience with children and should be able to deal practically with problems of organisation, catering, etc. Salary: £600 × £25 – £725 per annum. Application forms obtainable from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date December 27, 1955.

WOMAN assistant Social Worker required 3/4 days weekly. Temporary arrangement at first. Salary £400 p.a. Apply: Secretary, 48 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Parliamentary Correspondent, News Division (Sound and Television) with responsibility for reporting objectively and impartially Parliamentary matters from the Gallery and Lobby. Applicants should be men of proved journalistic ability of high order, must be able to write concisely for news bulletins and broadcast their own material in talk form. Current knowledge of Parliamentary affairs an advantage. Starting salary not less than £1,525 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1434 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Belfast to assist in preparation of Northern Ireland news programmes, news talks and other topicality material. Good education and capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure essential. Journalistic experience and knowledge of Northern Ireland affairs important. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1425 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Gerrards Cross Memorial Centre. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Warden of the above Centre which is controlled by the Gerrards Cross Community Association. The salary scale for suitably qualified persons will be the Burnham Further Education Scale, Grade A. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks, to whom applications must be returned by December 24, 1955.

THE Advertising Association, 1 Bell Yard, W.C.2. A Librarian is to be appointed to take charge of the Association's Reference and Lending Library of Advertising on the Association's premises. Previous library experience essential. Progressive post. Apply in writing to the Director General at the above address by December 31, 1955; envelope to be marked "Librarian."

SECRETARY reqd. for Australian company director arriving London mid-January. Duration approx. 3 weeks. Valid passport preferable. Knowledge German may lead short Continental trip. Good appearance, above average intelligence, capable dealing with people and working independently. Apply own handwriting (photo if avail., will be returned). P. A. M., c/o Australia & New Zealand Bank, 71, Cornhill, E.C.3.

ASSISTANT Secretary required with administrative ability in office work. Able to write reports, minutes, etc., and deal with people. Live in or near London. Commencing salary £475 p.a. Applications in writing giving full details of qualifications and experience to Secretary, C.C.C.C., 34 Eccleston Sq., London, S.W.1.

PART-time employment offered as secretary to the British Association of Residential Settlements. Experience of Settlements or similar social work essential, with ability to arrange conferences, prepare minutes and reports and conduct correspondence. Must be able to type. Salary around £160 a year. Applications stating age and experience to Miss Williams, Toynbee Hall, London, E.1.

THE Decca Record Co., Ltd., require a young lady with a knowledge of music and preferably French and German for the Publicity Department. Please apply in writing in the first instance to the Publicity Manager, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

SECRETARY to Social Science & Psychiatric Research Unit. Skills reqd.: Typing, shorthand, tape-recorder transcription, mins. of meetings, good knowl. Eng. Sal. £400. Belmont Hospital, VIG. 0054. Ext. 17.

SHORTHAND-typist, with secretarial experience and good references, reqd. for Westminster, 3 mornings a week. Must have accurate memory. 4s. an hour. Box 1671.

PERSONAL assistant required by Managing Director for temporary period of three months only. University education, high intelligence required. Box 1624.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

RECORD Co. reqs. smart receptionist/telephonist, age 25. Pleas. spkg. voice essen. Accur. copytyping an adv. Box 1748.

WANTED: two girls and man and wife to assist at Christmas. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel. Otford 182.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY (lady), expd., 1st-rate organising ability, based Birmingham, prepared to travel, sks. post with Professional/trade assoc., or committee work. Box 1606.

WANTED for educated, intelligent N.S.-commissioned 22-year-old humanist—work which is a part of & not the reason for living. Would make excell. P.A. & at any work connected with people, words, music, serious films. Box 1769.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WRITER/Lecturer (34) in Psychology & Sociology seeks emplmnt. where brains & initiative can be suitably exploited. Box 1670.

YOUNG woman, 21, fluent French, Oxford Univ. Certif. Art, State Scholar, sks. interes. post. Any suggestions? Box 1677.

STAGNATING Sec. 25 sks. much more interesting occupation. Some actg. and admin. exp. Anything considered. Box 1585.

LADY expd. pianist/tchr. L.R.A.M. sks. pt. time post in/nr. Lond. 1956. Box 1750.

PERSONAL

WANTED take charge 3 chldrn., 7, 5, 3½, few hrs. evgs./wk.-ends. Non-res. Pay by hr. Stud./ret. nurs./inf. tchr. PAD. 2514.

NOTTING Hill Gate dist. 2 comf. furn. offices, 1st floor, tels., separately or as suite. Suit bus. exec., accountant, solicitor or writer. Quarterly agreement. Box 1561.

WOULD any good housewife join me in making a home for 4-5 colonial women students? Have accom. N.W. Lond. Box 1613.

CAN intelligent, adaptable woman offer another furnished accommodation, S.W. area or Chelsea? Box 1811.

KITZBUHEL Priv. Party, 16 days. 32gns. Leaving Dec. 29. FLA. 8667.

COSTA Brava, Madrid 2 seats car lvg. London Dec. 27. Ret. Jan. 15. 6 days ski-ing Pyrenees. £25 seat/all in £50. Box 1831.

ANYONE with £3,000 & farming exp. interested in starting co-operative farm/guest house in Devon or Somerset, please write to Derick Leather, 43 Leinster Gdns., W.2.

LONDON-Paris. 2 seats in car (flying) Dec. 24. £6 each. PRImrose 4485.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 4221 or RIC. 3286.

DYLAN Thomas—his own recorded prose and poetry readings. Sat., Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Details from Mrs. Dunn, HAM. 8109.

ABBATT Toys First because Abbatt Toys Last. Abbatt Toyshop, 94 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

GUITAR-Players (incl. beginners) are invited to weekend course, Jan. 13, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

THERE is still time to buy prints framed/unframed and other original gifts from The Lawson Gallery, 3 Royal Opera Arcade, Pall Mall E., S.W.1.

WE can tape record the family Christmas party and make long/short play records. Details: Tape Typing, WEL. 5643.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

THE Bridge tries to apply the ethical content of the "perennial philosophy" to our own age, to translate it into the language of today. Write 128 Burnley Road, N.W.10.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

READING or writing in a foreign language is all very well, but can you talk? Short intensive courses all languages. The Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

INCREASE height 2in with Men's Bildup shoes. 79s. 6d. pr. Dets.: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

TAILORED Models, Ltd., for made-to-measure ski-trousers and slacks for ladies. 38 Brewer St., W.1. Gerard 0560.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try Nerve Manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment of proved value. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bernard St., London, W.1. Enquiries: WELbeck 9600.

PERSONALITY in a Cigarette? Smoke Grosvenor Tipped and double your smoking enjoyment. Boxes of 20 for 3s. 8d.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Phillips Family regret that, owing to death, the Christmas Party will not take place this year.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTIAN Action in Africa. Please send us a gift this Christmas. Donations to Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4, earmarked "Africa Fund."

HEATHERLEY Film Training Unit is enrolling for New Term now. Professional training in the art and technique of Film Production. Brochure: Director, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

CHELSEA now has its own shop where you can buy the loveliest Swedish glass, Finnish ovenware, and beautiful ceramics, at very reasonable prices: Tern Studios, 416 King's Rd., Chelsea, S.W.10. FLA. 4045.

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CONTENTS of December "Plebs." "The Changing Face of Capitalism," by Raymond Fletcher; "The Social Psychology of War and Peace," by T. W. Moore; "Automation—Another Industrial Revolution," "Socialism and Economic Theory," by John Bright; "The Co-ops. and Education," "Africa To-day," by Frank Horrabin; "Industrial Law—II, Problems Relating to Contracts," by W. L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; Parts from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d. or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ALL that lies behind "The Middle Eastern Question" is disclosed by R. Page Arnot in the December Labour Monthly. Other articles include "After Geneva" (R. P. D.), "Bankers versus Britain" (Margot Heinemann), "The Soviet Navy To-day" (Cmdr. E. P. Young, R.N. (retd.)). 1s. 6d. all agents, or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

PARLEY 7th. Internat. langs. mimeo'd. 5d. Abroad 10d. 11 North Av., Worthing.

LAWRENCE, D. H. "The Spiral Flame." A study in the meaning of Lawrence, Orgonomic Functionalism v.II n. 6., Ritter Press, 476 Woodboro' Rd., Nottm. 2s. 6d.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS—TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Extra mat. Bxg. Day, 2.30. J. B. Priestley's "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." 'Rollicking Comedy.'—Evg. Standard.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. "An Italian Straw Hat." 7.45. Sats.: 5.30 & 8.30. Maryland 5973.

UNITY: Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." First time in London since 1926! Fri., Sats. & Suns. 7.45. Memshp. 2s. 6d. p.a. EUS. 5391.

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NAT. Film Th., South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 17. The House on 92nd Street. (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 18, The Diary of a Country Priest (U). From Dec. 19: Jacques Tati in Jour De Fête (U).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345. Dec. 18, Mickey Spillane's "I, the Jury." X.

HOLBORN Film Soc. Half-season Jan.-Apr., 1956. Sun 1st, Tues. 3rd. Broken Jug, My Universities, Member of Wedding, Cesar, Man in White Suit, Vampire, Moana, Survey of Cartoon, etc., shorts. 8 shows 12s. Sun. or Tues. (4 shows) 7s. Guests 2s. Hon. Sec., 34-6 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. CHA. 7078.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Dec. 17, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Grp. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s. Memship. inv.

BEN Uri Arts Ball. St. Pancras Town Hall. Sat., Dec. 17. 7.30-Midnight. Fancy Dress optional. Tickets 15s. at door.

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CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Organ Recital devoted to Christmas Music by Bach and other composers. Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 5.45. John Dykes Bower. Tkts.: 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

RENAISSANCE Singers. Director Michael Howard. Southwark Cathedral, Sat., Dec. 17, 3 p.m. Music of the Polyphonic Era. Byrd, Motets and Mass for four voices, Tomkins, Organ voluntaries, Durante Geistliche Solokantaten, Fayrfax, Aeterne laudis lilium, with John Whitworth and Ralph Downes. Programmes 3s. at door. Membs. 2s.

I.C.A. Music Section, Tuesday, December 20, 7.30 p.m., at Wigmore Hall. Violin Sonatas by Klebe and Vaughan Williams (first concert performance). Fantastic work for five horns by Gunter Schuller and Sonata for four horns, written specially for the occasion by Michael Tippett. Frederick Grinke, Michael Mullinar, Eric Harrison and Dennis Brain Ensemble. Tickets 9s., 6s., and 3s. Wigmore Hall (WELbeck 2141).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. French XIX and XX Century Paintings, Drawing & Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

BERKELEY Galls., 20 Davies St., W.1. Xmas Exhib. Pottery, Painting, Sculpture.

U.S.S.R. Children's Art Exhibition presented by the Sunday Pictorial, R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1, until Dec. 22. 10-7 Mon.-Fri., 10-6 Sats. 1s., children 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Derrick Greaves: New Paintings. Sheila Fell: 1st Exhibn. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of "Elegance Militaire." Paintings & prints in colour (1800-1900). Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Dec. 31.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Ardizzone, Bateson Mason & Paul Hogarth. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 22nd.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Works by English & French Artists. Closing December 24.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GIANBATTISTA & Giandomenico Tiepolo. An Exhibition of Drawings & Etchings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till January 20. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 (closed Dec. 24, 26, 27). Admission 1s.

"SIRAFFIS" (Donald Bisset of TV Children's Hour) will meet the Kiddies at Collet's Children's Book Sale & Exhibition on Wed., 21st Dec., from 2.30 to 6 p.m., at 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Stories and Discussion. Exhibition open till Dec. 31, daily 11-6. Buy your presents and spend your Book Tokens.

CZECHOSLOVAK Folk Costumes in photographs. An enchanting exhibition with handicrafts. Foyles Art Gallery, Charing X Rd., open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. incl. Sats. till Sat., Dec. 31. Organised by the British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. Add a Picasso to your collection. A ticket only costs 12*gns.* and every ticket wins an original work of art. Picture Fair open Dec. 6 until Dec. 21.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Opening Exhibition of Recent Paintings by Modern British Artists. Nov. 22 to Dec. 24. Mon. to Wed. and Fri. 10.30-5.30. Thurs. 10.30-7.30. Sat. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy, 1955. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Opens December 18. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Cremonini. Until January 6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent graphic work by G. Braque. Paintings—Charles Higgins (Pic.).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"ISRAEL in Peril." Demonstrate your solidarity with Israel. Public meeting, Monday, December 19, 8 p.m., at Queen's Road Synagogue, 79 Queen's Road, Walthamstow, E.17. Speakers: Lena Jeger, M.P., Dr. S. A. Miller, Rena Langer. In the Chair: Mary Mikardo. Admission free. Organised by Pioneer Women of Gt. Britain, Poale Zion and Young Poale Zion, Walthamstow, Chingford & Highams Park Branches. Head Office: 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

JON KIMCHE on "The new British M.E. policy: What are its real objectives? The speech that the Prime Minister should have made." In the chair: Dr. I. S. Fox. Mon., Dec. 19, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., Piccadilly, W.1. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sun., Dec. 18, King's Weigh Hse. Ch., Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discrse., Rev. W. J. Piggott, M.A., "Animals & Angels."

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, Dec. 11, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham, "Our Intellectuals."

DR. Helen Rosenau, "Solar Myths in Pagan & Christian Arts." Dec. 18, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1 Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30. Adm. 1s. 6d.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Are the Colonies capable of self-development Now?" by "Bob" Edwards, M.P., Wed., Dec. 21, at 8 p.m., 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions & discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d at door.

I.L.P. Forum. "Socialist Leader." Brains Trust. Montague Hotel, Montague St., W.C.1 (Nr. Russell Sq.). Sun., Dec. 18, 7.30.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society: "Music, Money and Muddle"; Arthur Jacobs. Wed., Dec. 21, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welc. 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. December. 8.15 p.m. Mon. 19: Illus. lecture: "The Content of Abstract Art," by Patrick Heron. Chair: Adrian Heath. Thurs. 22. Second in series of three lectures on "Revaluation of W. B. Yeats," entitled "Yeats' Symbology," by Kathleen Raine. Chairman: G. S. Fraser. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Membership invited.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., Dec. 16. Adamovitch: "Spirit & Destiny of Russian Literature." Club closed Xmas. Mon., Jan. 16, 8 p.m. Dr. A. Steinberg: "Brotherhood in Dostoevsky."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. Dec. 24 at 6. Christmas Carols of many countries.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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